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PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

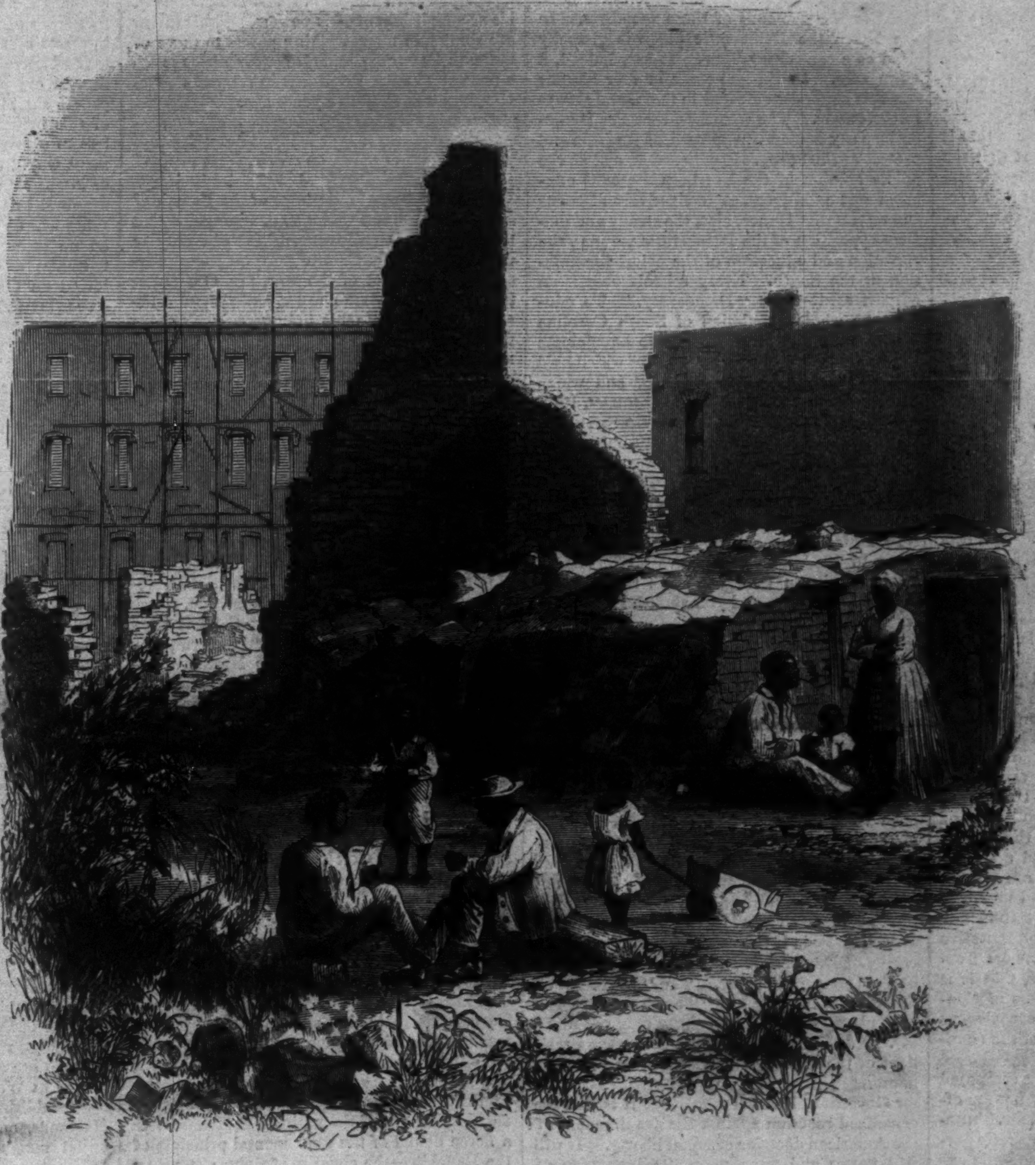
COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE rapidity with which this place is being rebuilt certainly shows that there is still left in the South money and energy, with the men to remove, almost within ten years, all traces of the late struggle.

The sketch of Richardson Street, down which SHERMAN marched when he entered the city in February, 1865, is taken from a point near the ruins of the convent. A few months since one could see from this spot only the wreck which had been left by the great conflagration that took place on the night of the 17th February, 1865. Now, new buildings are going up with great rapidity. True, many of them are not so well storied as those destroyed, being roofed at one or two stories, as the owner's purse holds out.

Many of the freedmen who are laboring in this rebuilding find house rent so high that they construct for themselves, in some convenient corner, their little huts, using for their erection brick, sod, mud, and sticks, and for the roof large masses of tin, formerly the covering of some stately mansion. In these little huts large families live, all that are capable doing their portion of the labor which is to earn their scanty livelihood.—The sketch is taken near the ruins of the Court-house, in which locality there is a large number of squatters.

T. R. D.



AMONG THE RUINS OF COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

SUNDAY IN NEW ORLEANS.

Military rule having been withdrawn from the city of New Orleans the people are once more enabled to exert their ancient rights and privileges. Among these the Sunday opening of all the markets, grog-shops, places of amusement, billiard and gambling-rooms, takes a prominent place. General BUTLER, among other deeds which he enacted in that city, caused the Sabbath to be observed after Christian notions of the subject; and it is only just to the New Orleaners to say that they considered it a high-handed act, and one which they have pretty effectually reversed since.

Opposite the French Market is the Cathedral; an effort to hear the services there ended in failure, owing to the noise of a neighboring billiard saloon, and a canvas-covered show, with a big drum, to which was added the constant rattle of carriages. After the passage of a German procession, bound out of town for a day's dancing and picnicking, it became matter of grave consideration whether the horse-races or the cockpit offered the greatest attractions for a sketch. The verdict being in favor of the latter, we were driven along Esplanade Street, and not far from BEAUREGARD'S mansion stopped at a place where, right upon the street, entrance-money was taken at a little ticket-office window before the spectator was admitted to the pit, where a fight between two game chickens was progressing fast and furious, the spectators around betting as furiously in English and French. Here full-blooded negroes and elegant mulattoes sat side by side with whites, and among the latter were Yankee merchants, Southern planters, professional gamblers, Mexicans, Cubans, Frenchmen, and Spaniards.

One of the unfortunate chickens being soon killed the business of matching and weighing others occupied a little time, which our party expended in visiting the cages where the stock of fighting cocks were kept; a special privilege, the proprietor himself accompanying us in the inspection.—These, as the reporters used to say of the army, "were all aching for a fight; fine healthy birds, with no immediate occupation other than crowing lustily. Two more fights and the sketch was finished; once in a while the attendants would pick up the bleeding roosters, sprinkle water from their lips upon them, and revive them for another round.

The afternoon is a season of comparative quiet till it is cool enough for a drive out on the Shell Road. As New Orleans during the hot weather usually has a fine breeze off the Gulf this is a very pleasant trip, and all who can raise a light wagon and a pacing horse take it; trotters are quite rare, and not at all fashionable.

For those who have not means for the above amusement there are horse cars to the Half-way House, and boats—towed by men or mules indifferently—to the lake. In the evening all the theatres are open.

The creoles—by which is usually understood the light-colored natives speaking the French language—occasionally give a theatrical entertainment at the French opera-house, where all the actors, and the greater part of the audience, have colored blood in their veins. These and the creole balls in the winter are considered quite "distingué" affairs, and it is openly said that you will find as much or more taste in dress, as rich jewels, and as good-breeding, as in the most aristocratic circles of New Orleans.

A. R. W.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

AMONG all the bold and romantic scenery for which our country is noted, there is none more attractive than that of the Catskill Mountains, which we illustrate on pages 456 and 457. The picturesque, wild loveliness of the falls, the ever-changing beauty of the vast landscape spread out before the persevering pedestrian on the highest peaks, the profusion and variety of foliage which covers the lofty mountains, the quiet charm of the placid lakes, are all prominent objects of interest well known to our summer pleasure-seekers, and their praises have often been made the subject of pen and brush.

Our picture shows many of the most frequently visited places, some of which will be familiar to our readers—the Kauterskill and Haines Falls; Fawn's Leap in the Clove; the view from the North Mount-

THE RUINS OF COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA—RICHARDSON STREET, LOOKING TOWARD THE CAPITOL.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

ain, showing the two lakes and Mountain House in the distance; also, the view from Sunset Rock. Another view is given of the Laurel House, a hotel kept by Mr. SCHUTT; and on the road up the mountain we pass the Half-Way House and the Rip Van Winkle House. At these last-mentioned houses the weary steeds need no invitation to stop, but come to a halt of their own accord, and refresh themselves with some of the sparkling water which flows over the rocks into the little spring beneath. There are other stronger beverages to be had for the thirsty travelers also. For the last few miles the ascent is so abrupt as to make it necessary to lighten as much as possible the load of the panting horses, and those who can walk generally do so. A sudden turn of the road brings us in view of the Mountain House, kept by C. L. BEACH, and a most welcome sight it is after the toilsome journey. Our picture shows us sunrise among the mountains, that wondrous effect, when the clouds all lie in the valley beneath you; Mr. NAST has faithfully represented the appearance of that soft, rolling, billowy sea, and one vainly expects to hear the roar of the waves; but there is not a sound, the most solemn stillness reigns over all.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1866.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE most earnest advocates of the proposed Philadelphia Convention announce that it is to form a new party. They assert that the Republican party was purely a sectional, and the Union merely a war party. It is now necessary, therefore, in their judgment, to assemble delegates from every State and Territory, and lay down a common national platform. This is all well. This seems very simple. But declarations of intentions have always a most artless tone. The late rebel leaders, DAVIS, TOOMBS, and their allies, always insisted upon being called "National Union Democrats," and while their mouths rang with patriotic vociferation they were plotting disunion. It is necessary, therefore, to look at the facts. Is this Convention likely to represent the true and saving union sentiment of the country? Will it be composed of those who have been proved by experience to be the most faithful, intelligent, and consistent friends of the Union? If so, every honest man will rejoice. But it is not enough to say that it will be so if such men choose to send delegates. The question is, whether the terms and circumstances of the call, and the manner in which it has been received by the country, show that it is intended and likely to include such representatives.

The first significant fact, then, is, that the call is issued by the three Senators who have separated themselves from the Union majority in Congress, by the Assistant-Postmaster-General and two or three gentlemen who approve that separation, and by two Senators who have uniformly opposed the action of the Union party, and who supported the Chicago policy of surrender to the effort to destroy the Union. The second fact is, that it is urged upon the country by the whole body of what are known, for good reasons, as the Copperhead members of Congress, excepting Senators SAULSBURY and RIDDLE of Delaware, and Representative HARRIS of Maryland, and the members from New York city. The third fact is, that it is not approved by the Union members of Congress in either House, nor by the conspicuous and representative Union journals of the country.

The Convention, therefore, will be composed of three classes; *first*, those whom, not for offense but for distinction, we may call Mr. THURLOW WEED'S party; *second*, the Democratic party of the North; and, *third*, the Democratic ex-rebels of the South. It will not represent such Union men as Senator FESSENDEN and ex-Governor ANDREW in New England; WARD HUNT and CHARLES J. FOLGER in New York; Senator SHERMAN and Chief Justice CHASE in Ohio; General LOGAN and Senator KIRKWOOD in the Northwest; Governor FLETCHER and Senator BROWN in Missouri; HORACE MAYNARD in Tennessee; Judge BOND in Maryland; AMBROSE SPENCER and the original Unionists in Georgia; ANDREW J. HAMILTON and the voters against THROCKMORTON in Texas. The question is therefore plain, Is a Convention which, by the nature of its call, excludes such men and those who sympathize with them, a representative National Union Convention? Do the three classes that we have first named, the party of Mr. WEED and the old Democratic party, compose a more truly Union party than that which is now known as such?

We say that they are excluded by the call and by its general interpretation. The call is issued in intentional disregard of the equal rights of the loyal Union colored population of the Southern States, whom it proposes to abandon to those who were lately in rebellion. It does this under profession of regard for State rights, and in defiance of the truth, now terribly demonstrated, that absolute equality of individual rights before the law is vitally essential to the harmony of the national Union. Indeed, Mr. SEWARD, who favors the Convention, in his letter to Tammany Hall, speaks with perilous and reckless rhetoric of "sovereign States." Thus the Convention proposes to prefer the rights of States to the rights of citizens of the United States; or to leave the protection of the latter solely to the States, when our experience has proved that that course is nationally disastrous. Nor can the Convention point us to the Civil Rights bill, for the callers of the Convention all opposed it and supported the veto.

Composed of such representatives and holding such views, who are likely to control the Convention? Will it be Mr. THURLOW WEED and his friends, or the allied Democrats from the North and South? The question may excite a smile, but it can not suggest a doubt. But if the Democrats control it, can the Convention have any other result than a reorganization of the Democratic party? And if by reason of that reorganization and the co-operation of Mr. WEED and his friends that party should return to power, is there any reason to suppose that its old policy of subservience to its Southern wing would be changed? Clearly not, because since the beginning of the war the only hope of that party has been the return of its Southern members, and to cement the alliance it must yield to the demands of those members. In the North the Democratic party is virtually dead as a controlling force. It has, indeed, a large vote. It disputes three or four States; but it is generally defeated in them, and always in the others. The reason is, that the Democratic party is merely a permanent reaction and protest against progress and reform, and as the public opinion of the Northern States is educated and intelligent, it instinctively distrusts and rejects it. Hence, also, the steady and uniform opposition of the Democratic party to the elevation and education of the colored population at the South. Every school-house is an outpost against the "Democracy." To educate the whole population of South Carolina and Georgia and Mississippi is to emancipate those States from the "Democracy" which held its last Conventions in Chicago, and which speaks now by the lips of VALLANDIGHAM, PENDLETON, "JACK ROGERS," HORATIO SEYMOUR, GARRETT DAVIS, the Tammany orators, and the members of Congress who approve the Philadelphia call. That Democracy, Tammany Hall itself, whenever it succeeds, succeeds by the ignorant vote. It was the slums of the city of New York that elected HORATIO SEYMOUR Governor in 1862, and which gave M'CLELLAN a local majority in 1864. Abolish the slums in the whole country, and you abolish the Democratic party.

It is a very useless folly to suppose that the spirit which has been so long dominant in our politics is destroyed. It has been routed by argument and the ballot in one part of the country. In the other it took up arms, and having been defeated, will now betake itself there also to argument and the ballot; and it remains for the intelligence and public virtue and political faith of the country to accept the battle in this form also, and complete the victory. The Democratic party could not save slavery nor the rebellion, but it can still strike a few blows for ignorance and unequal rights. It will not change its name, and it can not change its nature. In deference to Mr. WEED and his friends at Philadelphia it may call itself Union Democratic, or Democratic National; but it will still be the Democratic party. The "Last Rose of Summer" is nothing but "The Groves of Blarney" played slowly. The party may not make Mr. BEN WOOD or his virtuous brother President of the Philadelphia Convention, and may nominate Mayor HOFFMAN or Senator MURPHY for Governor of New York. But it is still the organized reaction against the development of the American doctrine of equal liberty. It will still flatter and fawn upon the ignorance of white foreigners, and still despise and curb, if it can, the aspiring intelligence of native Americans of every race. Its present opportunity is the Philadelphia Convention. It will elect the delegates and control its policy; and, like the dextrous executioner who cut off the victim's head so exquisitely that he did not know it until he moved, so it will absorb with greedy politeness those who have sought and failed to control the Union party as they likewise sought and failed to control ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S administration.

MR. GLADSTONE.

THE distance between the sneering persiflage of PALMERSTON and the earnestness of GLADSTONE was too great for England to leap at once. A country which had been contented with a Prime Minister who had a VOLTAIREAN incredulity of progress could not adapt itself comfortably to the guidance of a sincere Reformer. Therefore the fall of the RUSSELL-GLADSTONE Ministry will surprise no one.

It is, however, a foolish injustice which charges Mr. GLADSTONE with reducing the liberal majority of seventy in the House of Commons to a minority of eleven. He did not do it. The present Parliament was elected upon the cry of PALMERSTON and anti-PALMERSTON, not upon any policy or principle. PALMERSTON carried the day; but he was opposed to Reform, and his policy was merely brag and inaction. He had no political convictions whatever, unless a hearty desire to maintain the existing condition can be called a principle.

The majority of seventy, therefore, was purely Palmerstonian. It represented indifference to reform and to every thing else but a disposition to drift. And when PALMERSTON died and Earl RUSSELL came in with a ministry of which Mr. GLADSTONE was the shining figure, the majority which came to scoff was invited to remain to pray, and naturally declined the unaccustomed office. Mr. ROBERT LOWE is the type of the present majority of the Commons. A sparkling sneerer, like his chief PALMERSTON, and elected as a Liberal, he will yet doubtless take office in a Tory-Conservative ministry. To accuse Mr. GLADSTONE of not having held such a majority is as if a House of Representatives elected in sympathy with Mr. THURLOW WEED were suddenly to find itself under the leadership of Governor ANDREW. If it failed to follow him he could not be accused of poor leadership, nor they of desertion of principles.

Mr. GLADSTONE is out of office, but he is not less a power in England. His temperament, his accomplishments, his powers, and his career are similar in many striking points to those of GEORGE CANNING; and GLADSTONE is as much a necessity of the English Government now as CANNING was forty-five years ago.

THE TAMMANY DOCTORS.

THE Tammany Hall orator of the Fourth of July, Mr. RICHARD O'GORMAN, announced that the Republic is still in peril, and can only be saved by the Democratic party. Four years ago, in the midst of the war, Mr. O'GORMAN proclaimed the same danger, and proposed the same remedy. In his judgment, every thing depended upon the election of HORATIO SEYMOUR as Governor. Two years ago, also, the country, we were told by Mr. O'GORMAN'S Tammany party, had been beaten by its enemies and ought to surrender, and Mr. O'GORMAN and his friends could think of nothing so sure to save the Republic as the election of M'CLELLAN.

The reader of Mr. O'GORMAN'S speeches, therefore, has little difficulty in discovering that it is not the Republic but the Democratic party which has been in such a perilous condition for the last five or six years; while the student of our history perceives that it was the Democratic policy that produced the rebellion, which was plotted and conducted by the Southern leaders of that party, and enjoyed the sympathy and indirect assistance of its Northern adherents, including Mr. RICHARD O'GORMAN, whose furious philippics against the war measures of the Government are by no means forgotten. The Fourth of July discourse of Mr. O'GORMAN was seconded, so to speak, by Mr. S. S. COX, a gentleman who declared, in supporting the VALLANDIGHAM platform at Chicago in 1864, that, in his opinion, "LINCOLN and DAVIS ought to be brought to the same block together." Mr. COX agrees with Mr. O'GORMAN that, unless he and his Tammany friends can return to power, the American experiment is a failure.

What, then, are the services of the Democratic party for which it should be again intrusted with the direction of the Government? The history of thirty years answers. Its service consists in having strengthened, by every appeal to passion, ignorance, and cowardice, the only aristocratic class in the United States, and an aristocracy founded upon the degradation of labor. Its service consists in a systematic debauchery of the national conscience; in a fierce denial of the fundamental principle of the Republic—the equality of rights; in an attempt, under the forms of law, and by means of blood and terror, to fasten slavery upon Kansas; and when the people, at last aroused to the fearful truth, constitutionally cast that party from power, its crowning service consists in rushing to arms, and seeking, by the most desperate and prolonged struggle, to overthrow the Government. The Democratic party, whose conspiracy against the equality of rights has been foiled both in the field and at the polls, now turns to the American people, who have been its spectators and victims, and informs them that it is the only safe and patriotic and conservative and conciliatory and Union-loving party in the land.

These being its services, what is its plea? The Democratic plea is that the Union party intends to consolidate the Government, and its argument is twofold: first, that the national authority is now more evident than ever before; and second, that the dominant party aims to destroy State rights. As to the first argument it is enough to say that the nation having been forced into a tremendous war by the party of its accusers has established a system of internal taxation to pay the cost, and that the system is necessarily complicated and requires a multitude of agents. For the second argument the simple truth is that the loyal people of the United States in Congress prefer to delay the reception of representatives from the late rebellious section until they are persuaded that they can be safely admitted; and have proposed an amendment to the Constitution providing that the late rebels shall not have gained political power by rebellion. And while these are its acts the Union party is inspired by the most earnest desire to secure equal rights before the law, and to found the Union upon the only sure basis of justice.

Such are the offenses for which the Democratic party urges that the Union party should be overthrown. It desires that citizens who rebel shall gain no political advantage by rebellion, and it wishes to defend the equal rights of all citizens of the United States. For this it is arraigned by the opponents of the war and the traducers of ABRAHAM LINCOLN; and it is to such allies that WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD gives his hand.

THE TARIFF AGAIN.

THE letter published in our last Number from "A Farmer" has induced several readers to favor us with their views on the subject of the tariff.

A New England manufacturer, following in the wake of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, pronounces the proposed new tariff "absolutely a free-trade measure," and insists that "the true interests of the country require a general further advance of 50 @ 100 per cent. in the duties, in order that every thing required by the people shall be made at home." If the views of this person should be adopted we are at a loss to discover from what source the Government would draw a revenue for the payment of interest on the public debt. If every thing required by the people be made at home nothing will be imported from abroad, there will be no customs duties, and no revenue from customs; and in addition to the indirect tax levied on the people by way of protection to native manufactures a further direct tax, yielding at least $150,000,000 in gold, or, at the present price, $225,000,000 in currency, will have to be levied in order to meet the interest on the public debt.

"A Western Schoolmaster" is somewhat dismayed at the prospect. "I understand you to intimate," says he, "that not only woolens, irons, boots and shoes, cottons, and all other manufactured articles, but likewise food and farm produce, are about to be enhanced in price by a tax levied on consumers for the benefit of producers. This may be all very well for people who produce something. If the farmer is 'protected' on his corn and potatoes, he may, perhaps, agree to 'protect' the manufacturer on his woolens and irons. But how shall I be compensated, who produce nothing, unless it be little scholars, and yet am to pay taxes for the 'protection' of every body around me?" We really can not say. As a matter of theory our schools deserve at least as much protection as our iron foundries; but how to devise a tax to meet the case we hardly see. How would it do to tax all persons of education coming here from abroad at the rate of so much a head? If it be essential to the prosperity of the United States to exclude foreign goods, it might by parity of reasoning be argued that it is equally necessary to keep out foreign learning.

"A Soldier's Widow" writes that she has five young children to feed and clothe on her scanty pittance. She has read in the papers that the new tariff proposes to double the cost of the woolen clothing which they wear, and she asks whether her pension will be increased in a corresponding ratio. We doubt it. Widows and orphans are apparently less in favor with some people at Washington than great manufacturing establishments, paying 50 @ 75 per cent. dividends, and commanding the ear of influential members. It is bad to be a widow. It is bad to have five young children who need clothing. We heartily wish that her husband were still alive, or that the children could manage with fig-leaves. Nobody out of the Bible ever heard of protecting the widow and the orphan; and wide as the protectionist mantle is being stretched by Mr. STEVENS and his friends, we don't think it will cover their case. They pay no dividends.

"An Indignant Free-trader" suggests that the very outrageousness of the demands of the manufacturers betokens their early defeat. He mentions that the French noblesse were never so arrogant as on the eve of the Revolution, nor the pro-slavery aristocracy of the South ever so insolently domineering as at the outbreak of the rebellion which destroyed them. The parallels are curious, but the inference is not strictly logical. It is quite true that the exorbitant demands of the manufacturing interest, at this session of Congress, have roused to active hostility to protection many persons who would have submitted for years to the existing high tariff; they may be said to have firmly established the free-trade party. But it does not follow that this opposition to the manufacturers is sure of success—much less of immediate success. It takes years to imbue a nation with an idea, however just it may be. See what folly is published daily on the subject of protection in the New York *Tribune*—otherwise an able and always an influential paper; before the free-traders can succeed, the bulk of the readers of the *Tribune* must be taught that the theories they now accept as sound are false. This will come about; but it will take time. The New York *Times*, which has opposed free trade in times past, is now feeling its way to its support. A strong free-trade sentiment is developing at the West. Even Mr. WILSON of Massachusetts shrinks appalled from the enormity of the proposed tariff, and on behalf of his section disclaims all responsibility for the proposed increase in the duties. These signs indicate the future; but the end may yet be far off.

"An Original Republican" fears that the mistakes which are being made at Washington on this tariff question will enable the Democrats to regain their old ascendency in the Government, and will ruin the Union party forever. This is, no doubt, the calculation of many Democrats both in and out of Congress. And it is not altogether without a basis. For though many good Unionists, including leading members of Congress and leading newspapers of the party, have denounced and do denounce the proposed new tariff, yet still a majority of the House of Representatives, which is overwhelmingly Union, are voting it through, paragraph by paragraph, with disciplined steadiness. For this action the Union party will be held responsible. It is the action of a majority of the recognized representatives of the party, and the protest of the minority will not exonerate the party as a whole from the responsibility. It is the height of folly to insist that the country shall regard the Union party as committed to protection.

"A Manufacturer" inquires whether increased protection may not in reality damage the interests protected? Of course it will. All legislative interference with the freedom of trade and industry is hurtful to the objects of that interference. Trade and industry thrive best when left to themselves—nay, thrive only when left to themselves. The very boon of protection now claimed of Congress by the manufacturers will prove fatal to them. As it is, our manufactures are inferior to those of England, with the single exception of machinery, which is not protected, and the few articles which we make for export, and which, of course, enjoy no protection. In countries beyond the Cape American cottons compete successfully with the Manchester article. Why? Because they are not protected, and our manufacturers know enough to make them as well and as cheaply as the English can. As regards other articles which are consumed at home, iron and steel goods, woolens, cottons, etc., our manufacturers have no such incentive to exertion. If they can make an article one half as good as the corresponding foreign article, the law of the land will compel the consumer to pay as much for the one as for the other. Why try to excel in such a case? The reason why our manufactures of cloths, hardware, etc., are now inferior to those of England is that our manufactures have always been protected, which has tended to dull the energy and quench the ambition of the makers, while foreigners, having nothing but their own merits to rely on, have sought unremittingly to command success by superior skill. If our people had had to struggle against as many obstacles as the English our goods would now have been superior to theirs. It is the old Eastern story over again. Two men were running a race, and each relying on himself alone, was straining every nerve. Presently came the Prince, who, recognizing one of the runners as a fellow-townsman, and wishing to "protect" him, ordered his rival to carry on his shoulders a bag of sand. Exulting in this advantage the Prince's townsman, made sure of victory, ceased to exert himself, and ran carelessly. His rival, on the contrary, stung by the injustice of his treatment, made superhuman efforts, and, overladen as he was, succeeded by matchless agility in winning the race. The story may explain the accounts we read of a want of prosperity in some branches of industry which have been highly protected for a generation.

PORTLAND.

THERE were few more beautiful cities in the country than Portland, from whose heights, covered with spacious and delightful houses standing under noble trees and surrounded by green gardens, the spectator looked to the sea or landward to the "crystal hills." Its trade is prosperous; its society cultivated; its public spirit and generosity famous; and very many of its sons are universally known and honored for conspicuous services and gifts. The great calamity which has befallen the city has awakened the widest sympathy, and no American but must be honestly proud of the solid expression of that sympathy. Boston, the nearest large city, instantly sent a large sum of money. All the other large towns and cities simultaneously stretched out their hands. Providence told its mayor to ask the mayor of Portland to draw upon him at sight for ten thousand dollars; Brooklyn and Bangor did the same. Buffalo, Philadelphia, and New York did not delay. Within a week hundreds of thousands of dollars were ready for the relief of the sufferers; and not the least pleasant fact was, that among the citizens of Portland most earnest in promoting measures for the succor of the unfortunate victims of the disaster was Mr. J. B. BROWN, the head of the Sugar Works, himself by far the greatest loser of all.

The destruction of the City Hall was peculiarly a misfortune. It was one of the finest, most spacious, and convenient public buildings in New England. Its great hall was not surpassed by any in the country in all the desirable qualities of such a room. But the spirit of the noble city will not quail, we are sure, even under so dire a blow. Its prosperity was not a chance. It was the result of great natural advantages admirably improved. Those advantages and that indomitable will remain, and from them a new city will arise. *Esto perpetua!*

Our artist, who is upon the spot, has sent us a series of striking and faithful views of the great fire, which will appear in our next issue.

HOW MUCH SHALL WE EXERCISE?

WHILE with the sedentary man the question is how much exercise is requisite for the maintenance of health, with the laborer it is how much can be borne without impairing the health. The danger of excess in labor is not sufficiently appreciated, and many a man does himself vital injury in this respect almost daily who does not dream of it.

Let us look at the rationale of the matter. In all muscular action there is some wear and tear, or destruction, of the muscular substance; but repair is continually made, and especially during the hours of rest. Now if the labor be too severe, or be so protracted that the intervals of rest are not sufficiently long, there must be deficiency in the repair, and a very little lost in this way every day will at length amount to a great deficiency. The man may even be thoroughly broken down long before old age comes on.

Especially is there liability to injury from excessive labor in childhood and youth, when, besides the daily repair, there is daily growth or enlargement to be provided for. Would that this were as clearly recognized in regard to children as it is in regard to young horses. So little is it realized, that it has been found necessary in some quarters to bring in the pressure of law to prevent parents from putting their children to work at too early an age, and from keeping them at work too many hours in the day.

Much has been said of late years of the number of hours that men ought to labor. Undoubtedly ten hours are enough—if one works over that time, either he overworks, or, what is perhaps more often the case, he does really no more than he would do in the ten hours. Indeed, it is probable that laborers, as a whole, accomplish more now than when they worked twelve hours. The eight-hour plan is at least doubtful as a general plan, though it is desirable that the laborer should have more time than he now has for mental improvement, provided that he would so use it. This proviso is significant, for in the present confinement of common education to the learning of words, and forms of statement, and rules and processes, that are not understood, while the study of the things, the realities, the facts, to which all these refer, is systematically neglected, there is little encouragement for mental improvement in the laboring classes of society. We hope to see a great change in this respect, and in consequence an extensive *individual* adoption of the eight-hour plan, so that time may be had for carrying out the mental cultivation properly begun in the school-room. This is the effectual way of giving dignity to labor.

When labor is all of one kind much less can be done than when there is variety. There are two reasons for this. Sameness makes labor tedious, and one soon loses heart in it. And besides, the muscles acting in one way alone soon get tired out. The gardener who digs, and hoes, and rakes, etc., will not get so tired as he would with doing one thing alone, though the amount of work may be the same in either case. So the speaker who has variety in his speaking will not tire his vocal organs as readily as the monotonous speaker, and will not be so liable to debility and disease in that quarter.

With all that has been said about the necessity of exercise for persons whose occupations are sedentary, very few of them take enough of it. This is true even of those students who are quite conscientious about the matter. Walking is the chief exercise, but this is wearisome unless some objects of interest can be connected with it; and this can not be uniformly done unless the student be to some extent, as all students should be, a naturalist. If he be, all nature will be alive with interest to him, and thought upon the phenomena which are associated with the various objects he sees, and conversation about them with the companions of his walks, will banish the tedium which is so apt to attend walking when done merely for itself. But besides this general interest there may be some particular objects, as in the gathering of plants, or animals, or minerals, or the observation of some geological formation. All this does not involve the necessity of being a thorough botanist, or zoologist, or geologist. There is an amount of knowledge on such subjects which every well-informed person ought to have, and which even common education, properly conducted, is competent to give; and this knowledge would impart an interest to the daily walks of the student, which will prompt him to be a walker all the days of his life.

The diligent student often feels that he can not spare from his studies the time required for exercise. A great mistake this. The amount accomplished in study is far from being proportioned to the time employed. Sometimes as much is learned in an hour as is at other times in several hours. How often has this happened—the student, wearied with prolonged mental effort, goes forth to his diversion or his walk, and returning refreshed, grasps at once with ease what balked him entirely before. Many a student not only fails to accomplish what he ought, but does a positive and lasting injury to his mental powers by urging the mind on in prolonged efforts, when intervals of rest and diversion would remedy the difficulty. There is real philosophy in the old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The incessant digging at study is a prolific source of mental dullness.

An experiment has been lately tried quite extensively in England in connection with some factories, which bears directly on this point. A half-time system of education has been adopted—that is, children have been made to spend only half the time that is usually spent in school, while the remaining hours have been spent in work. Sometimes the division has been made by days rather than by hours, every other day being devoted to the school. Now by comparison it was uniformly found that the children under this half-time system made greater attainments than those who devoted double the time to the school-room. A significant fact this, which leads us to the conclusion that, with all our boasted improvements in education in this country, not only is too little attention paid to physical culture, but in our schools and academies and colleges generally there is too much time given to mental culture—so much as to materially lessen its efficiency. It is singular that the first grand experiment on this point should have been made in such a quarter; but now that it has been made, and its results have been so clearly developed, farther examinations and experiments should be prosecuted, that the subject may be fully investigated.

There is another result of this experiment which is of interest as showing the mutual influence of physical and mental culture. It was found that the half-time scholars were better workers, more alert and efficient, than either those who had been full-time scholars, or those who had not attended school at all. The testimony of employers was very decided and uniform on this point. How clear is the conclusion from it that with certain modifications of education there may be a great increase of intelligent labor, with a better state of health in the laboring classes!

LITERARY.

"The Union War Chart" (LORENZO DOW, New York) is of great value, especially to those who have little leisure for reading official reports, or even the elaborate histories which have grown out of the war for the Union. This chart embraces the fifty months of the war. Along the top the years and months are designated. The surface is divided into vertical columns, which represent months, and by horizontal bands, which indicate Military Departments. A continuous strip at the upper part of the map is occupied by a series of important national events (with dates), such as could not be grouped under the special Departments; another at the bottom is devoted to the grand totals from different bureaus of the War Office and to sanitary statistics. The badges of the various army corps are shown on the border. This chart has been prepared with care, and in a surface of about a dozen square feet lays before the eye the entire field of operations and the events in each department. Though it will not, of course, dispense with regular histories, it will help the reader in the understanding of these. It has been highly recommended by General GRANT, who says of it: "As a matter of reference it will be found valuable in every library, giving, as it does, at a glance, the date, place, etc., of every important event of the war."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 2:

In the Senate, report was made upon the condition of the Mississippi levees.—In answer to a resolution of inquiry and insinuation, the Secretary of the Treasury says that Mr. Elmore, newly appointed Collector at Mobile, never held office under the Confederacy, and opposed the rebellion from the start.—The Conference Committee on the Paris Exposition bill made a report, and the bill was passed.

In the House, the resolution of Mr. Clark, of Ohio, giving a *quasi* recognition of the Fenians as belligerents was lost without a division.—Majority and minority reports were made upon the Rousseau-Grinnell assault case. The majority recommends the expulsion of Gen. Rousseau and the censure of Mr. Grinnell; the minority recommends only that Gen. Rousseau be reprimanded.—Mr. Banks proposed a bill looking to the annexation of the British North American possessions and the assumption of their debts.

July 3:

In the Senate, a joint resolution for the purchase, at $5000, of the law library of the late James M. Petigru, of South Carolina, was passed.—The Indian Appropriation bill was taken up, the question being on the Senate Finance Committee's amendments to attach the Indian Bureau to the War Department. The amendment was disagreed to.—An amendment was adopted giving $500,000 for the relief of the destitute Indians of the Southern Superintendency. The bill was passed, and went to the House for concurrence in the amendments.

In the House, Mr. Eliot, from the Committee of Conference on the Freedmen's Bureau bill, made a report and explained the various points of it. The report was then agreed to, so that the bill has now passed both Houses.—Mr. Raymond offered a concurrent resolution of thanks to the working-men of Lyons, France, for the flag presented by them in memory of the late President Lincoln. The resolution was adopted.—Mr. Hale offered a resolution, which was adopted, to appoint a Joint Committee on Retrenchment.

July 5:

In both Houses, the report of the Conference Committee on the Army Appropriation bill was presented and agreed to.

July 6:

In the Senate, the Commerce Committee reported favorably on the House resolution for the appointment of a Committee on Retrenchment.—The Conference Committee on the Tax bill then made a report, which was, after considerable debate, agreed to and sent to the House.

In the House, the report of the Conference Committee on the Internal Revenue bill was presented, and, after debate, agreed to, 71 to 57.

July 7:

In the Senate, a remonstrance was presented from the New York Chamber of Commerce against the passage of the Tariff bill, which was referred to the Finance Committee.—Considerable discussion took place on a motion made to receive the minority report of the Reconstruction Committee, submitted some days since. The report was finally adopted.—Mr. Trumbull reported from the Judiciary Committee a bill to regulate appointments to and removals from office. It provides as follows:

Sec. 1. That no officer of the United States appointed on the nomination of the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall be removable, except by the same agencies which concurred in his appointment; provided, that in cases of disability or misconduct, the President may suspend the disabled or defaulting officer, and designate some other to perform the duties until the Senate shall have had an opportunity of acting on it—the President to report the facts of the case to the Senate within thirty days after its next meeting.

Sec. 2. No person appointed to an office the time of which is limited by law to a fixed period, and until a successor shall be appointed and qualified, shall be permitted to hold or exercise the duties of such office exceeding sixty days after the fixed period for which he was appointed has expired; and, whenever practicable, it will be the duty of the appointing power to appoint a successor to take possession of the office at the termination of the fixed period.

Sec. 3. Provides that in case of a vacancy during the recess of the Senate, the President shall nominate a person to fill said vacancy within thirty days after the meeting of the Senate succeeding the happening of the vacancy, and no such vacancy which has been filled by granting a commission to expire at the end of the next session of the Senate shall be filled after the close of the session, except by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and the expiration of the commission as provided by the Constitution. "At the end of the session" shall not be construed as creating a new vacancy which the President is authorized to fill without the advice and consent of the Senate.

Sec. 4. Provides that the President shall not be authorized to fill vacancies during the recess of the Senate unless they happen during the recess by death, designation, expiration of term, or other casualty not depending on the will or action of the President.

In the House, the Conference Committee on the bill to further prevent smuggling made a report which was agreed to.—The bill to quiet land titles in California, which has been before the House for a long time, was then taken up and passed.—Consideration of the Tariff bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole, and considerable progress was made. The duty on tea was fixed at twelve and a half cents a pound, and on coffee at two and a half cents.

NEWS ITEMS.

Generals Steedman and Fullerton, now in New Orleans, report affairs in Mississippi less hopeful than in all other States they have visi[illegible] combined.

General Jordon, ch[illegible] editor of the Memphis *Appeal*, has challenged M. A. Galloway, of the *Avalanche*, to mortal combat. The challenge was accepted, and the parties repaired to Hernando, Mississippi, where both were arrested and placed under bonds. It is thought the parties will go to Arkansas to settle the difficulty. The challenge originated from Colonel Galloway writing a severe attack against Colonel Jordon, on account of an article written by the latter for *Harper's Magazine*, in which Jordon blamed Jeff Davis for the failure of the Confederacy.

A dispatch to the Cincinnati *Gazette* says that at Memphis, on Sunday, a colored woman was allowed to kneel at the altar of Grace Episcopal Church, between two whites, and partake of the sacrament from the same bread and wine. It created a sensation.

Austin Hopkins, a soldier, whose mind had never recovered from the effects of his life at the Andersonville Prison, committed suicide at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, on Monday night, July 2.

On the evening of July 4 a fire broke out in Portland, involving, before its extinction, the destruction of half the city. The fire completely swept through the city, from the foot of High Street to North Street, on Munjoy, destroying every thing in its trace so completely that the lines of the streets can hardly be traced, and a space of one and a half miles long, by a quarter of a mile wide, appears like a forest of chimneys, with fragments of walls attached to them. More than two thousand families were rendered homeless by this conflagration.

The Senate of Tennessee has ratified the Constitutional Amendment.

The Hon. Thaddeus Stevens is named by the Lancaster *Express* as a candidate for United States Senator.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN GERMANY.

IT is scarcely possible to overestimate the advantage gained by Prussia in the conquest of Hesse-Cassel, Saxony, and Hanover. The word of war was no sooner given by Bismarck than the blow was struck, and in less than forty-eight hours Prince Frederic Charles was in possession of the three States above named and his army lay on the northern border of Austria.

At the time of the declaration of war a glance over the entire field of operation seemed to disclose a situation most favorable to Austria. In the first place Austria had on her side much the larger portion of the Federal army. This army—styled the Army of the Confederation—numbers altogether half a million of men. Of this army about 340,000, or over two-thirds, were on the side of Austria. And besides this alliance, Austria was able to bring into the field nearly a million of men. She was superior in the cavalry arm of the service. It is true that she had a heavy debt while Prussia had none. It is true also that Prussia had the support of Italy; but the Italian army could only be available in a field where every advantage was in favor of the Austrians. Now the success of Prussia in this first stage of war has gone far toward neutralizing the advantages which seemed to be so entirely in favor of Austria.

This success has given Prince Frederick Charles the advantage of being able to attack the Austrians as they issue with a narrow front from the passes of the mountains, instead of being obliged to fight them on their own terms in an open country, as would have been the case had they been allowed to occupy this kingdom. At the present moment the Prussian patrols and pickets are pushed close up to the Austrian frontier, the issue of the narrow defile which the Elbe cleaves in the Erz-Gebirge is secured, the Saxony army has retired into Bohemia, and, without pulling a trigger, the Prussian army has, by the rapid action of its chief, gained as great advantages as could have been looked for from a victorious battle in this part of the theatre of war.

Hostilities have been commenced by the Prussian army corps in Silesia. Early on Friday morning, June 22, three Prussian detachments were sent out to reconnoitre toward Zuckmantel, Friedberg, and Freiwalden. The last of these detachments, between Breitenfurt and Sandhubel, came upon an Austrian regiment of hussars. The Prussian needle-gun was very effective, and enabled the Tenth Fusilier regiment to repulse the charge of the hussars. The Austrians lost eight men killed and five wounded. No casualties occurred on the Prussian side.

It is officially announced that the Prussian alliance has been accepted by all the North German states, with the exception of Saxony, Hesse, and Nassau.

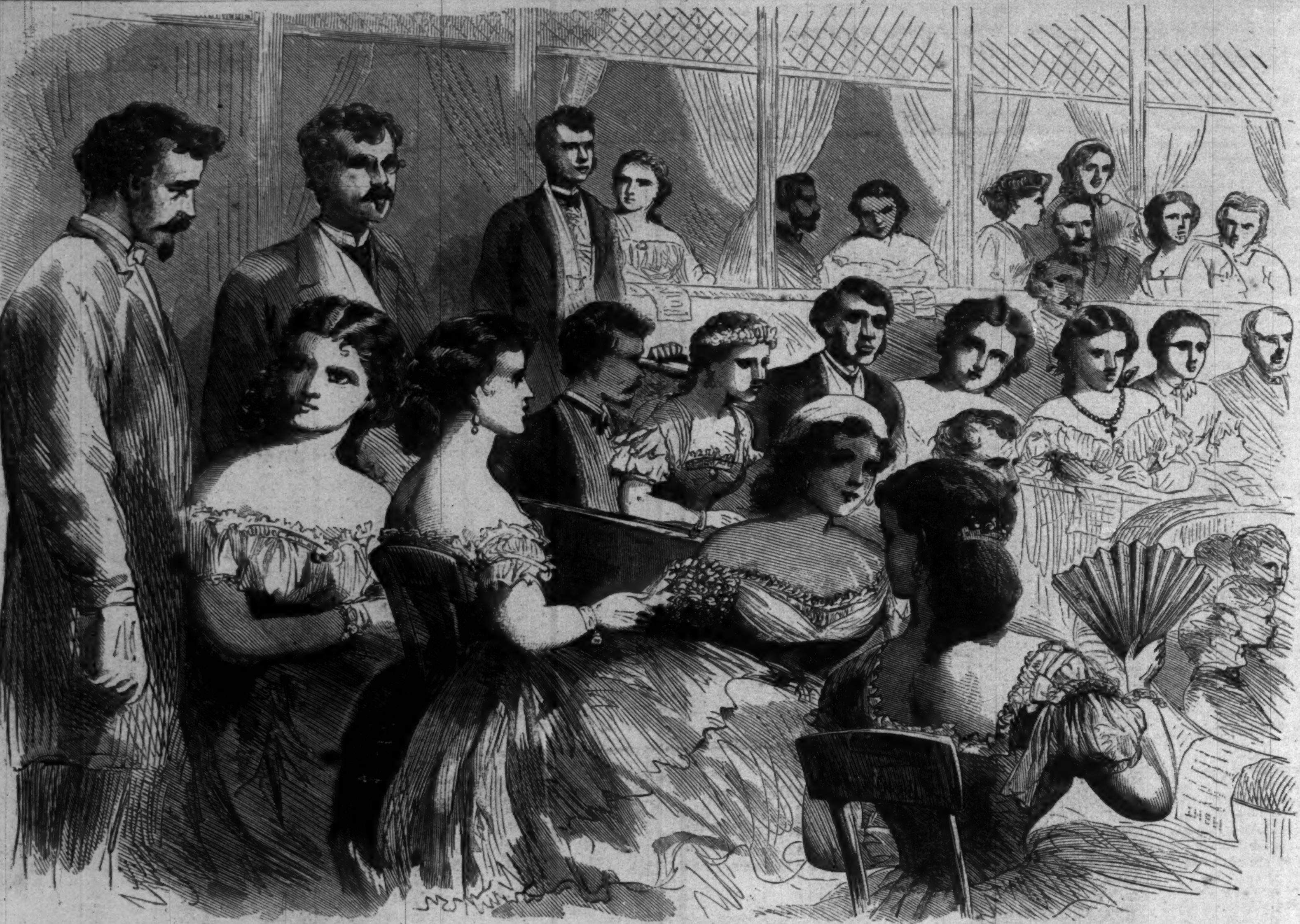
The Hanoverian army, numbering about 25,000 men, is said to have capitulated to the Prussians.

The army under the command of General Benedek is in position on the Prussian frontier on the side of Silesia, in a semicircle, of which the extremities are formed by Prague, supported by the fortress of Theresienstadt, and by Cracow, which is strengthened by the intrenched camp lately formed there, while the centre of the arc is defended by three fortresses, of which two are very strong—Josephstadt and Olmütz. The Austrian Commander-in-Chief appears to have concentrated a great part of his army in front of Upper Silesia, by which he may commence an attack on Prussian Silesia.

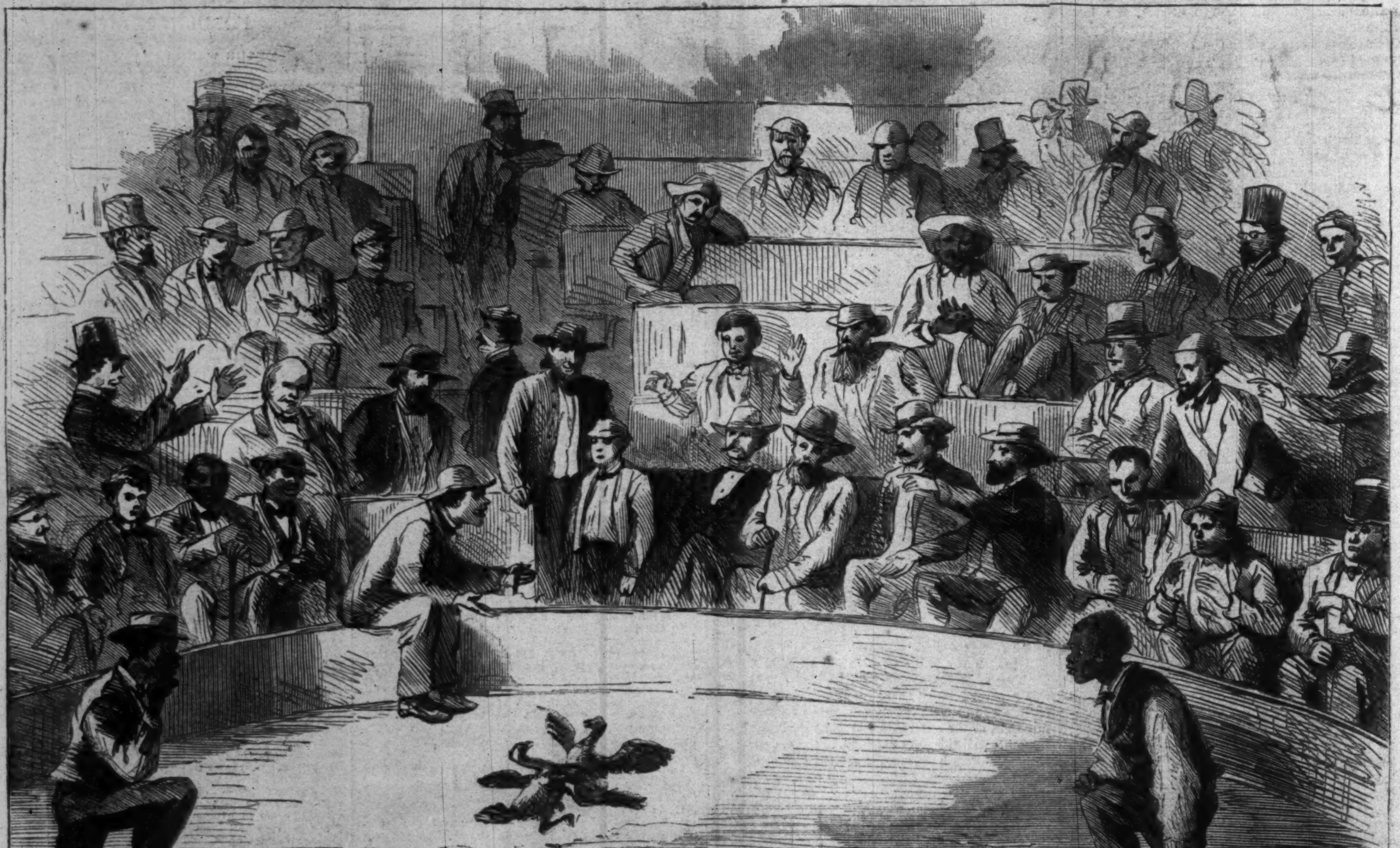
The regular and volunteer Italian forces, at last accounts, were disposed as follows: The King and Della Marmora, with the main body, on the Mincio, before the Quadrilateral; Cialdini at Ferrara; Garibaldi and his volunteers in the north, near Lake Garda; another force of volunteers at Bari and Barletta; and the fleet, under Admiral Persano, in the Adriatic. The Austrians, therefore, are liable to attack from all points.

ENGLAND.

The Queen has accepted the resignation of the Ministry. The *Times* believes Lord Derby will endeavor to construct a new Ministry, with Lord Stanley for Foreign Minister, and upon so broad a basis as to include several gentlemen who have not hitherto been attached to the Conservative Party, although they have recently acted with it in opposition to the Reform Bill.



SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS IN NEW ORLEANS—A CREOLE NIGHT AT THE FRENCH OPERA-HOUSE.—Sketched by our Special Artist, A. R. Waud.—[See First Page.]



SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS IN NEW ORLEANS—THE COCKPIT.—Sketched by our Special Artist, A. R. Waud.—[See First Page.]

HON. JAMES H. LANE.

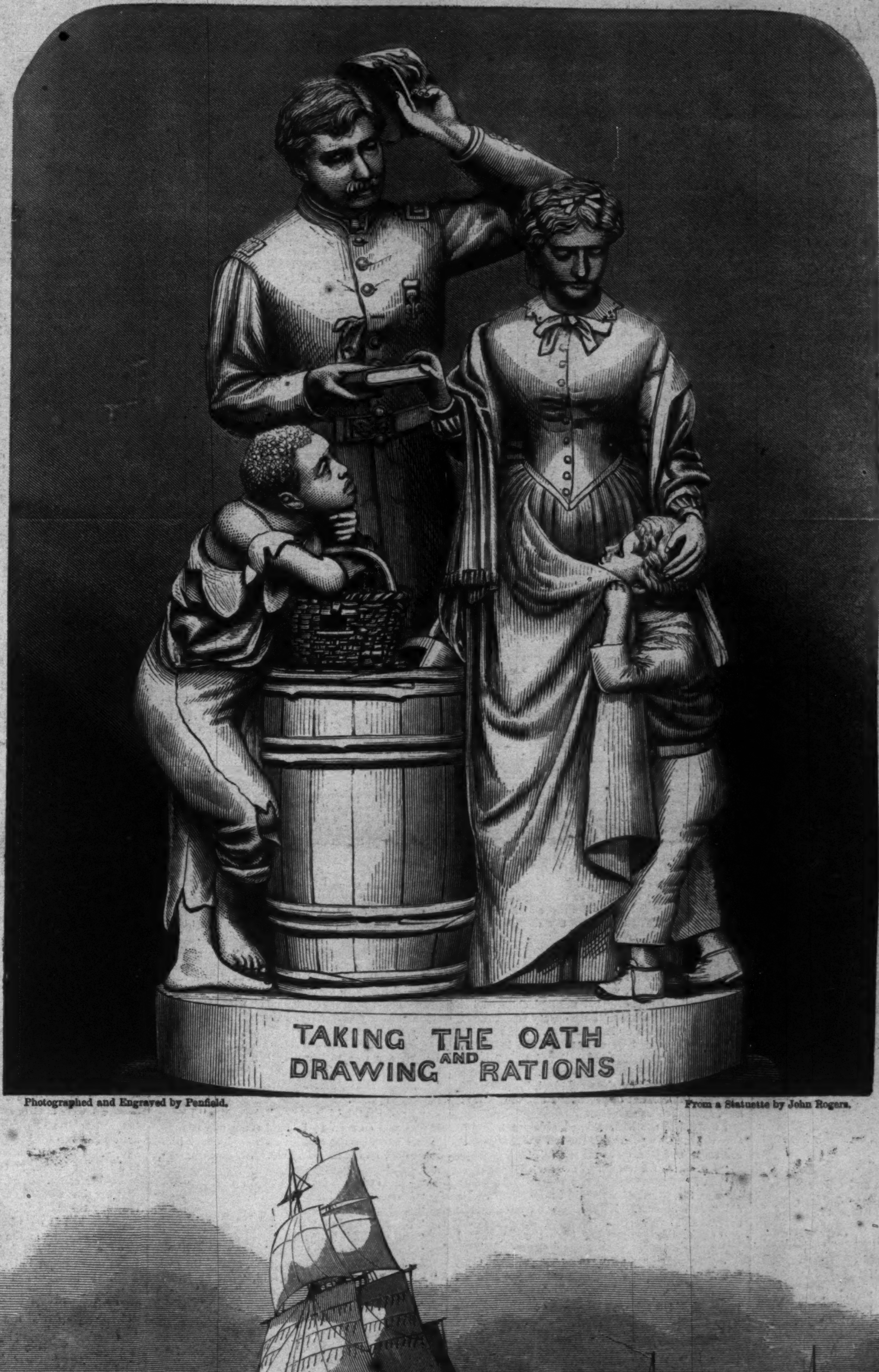
A FEW days ago a brief telegram told us that JAMES H. LANE had been prostrated by a paralytic stroke while sojourning in a hotel in St. Louis. Next we learned that he had arrived at his home in Leavenworth, Kansas. On the 2d inst. Representative CLARK, of Kansas, received a telegram at Washington, from Leavenworth, saying that Senator JAMES H. LANE had shot himself through the head on the Sunday night previous. Later in the day Mr. CLARK received another dispatch that Senator LANE died at 9 o'clock on Monday morning. Although a still later dispatch announced that Senator LANE was not yet dead, it gave no hope of the Senator's recovery.

The following dispatch from Leavenworth, July 2, gives the details of this melancholy event:

"Senator LANE had been acting strangely for several days, and a careful watch had been kept over him; but while riding last evening with his brother-in-law, Mr. M'CALL, and Captain ADAMS, brother of his son-in-law, got out of the wagon, which stopped at the government farm residence of Mr. M'CALL, and stepping to the rear drew a pistol and shot himself in the mouth, the ball passing out through the top of the skull. The deed was undoubtedly the result of a temporary mental derangement. This is the third member of the family who has destroyed himself. The occurrence created an unusual sadness here."

Mr. LANE was born in Indiana, and was in Congress from that State in 1853, 1854, and 1855. He went to Kansas and took a very active part in the excitements attending the settlement of that Territory. To recount his participation therein would be to rewrite almost the whole story of one of the most extraordinary periods in the history of the country. When the Territory became a State he was sent as a United States Senator for the term ending 1865. He was re-elected, and his term would have expired March 4, 1871. During the late civil war he was commissioned a Brigadier-General. He was a member of the Baltimore Convention of 1864. As a Senator, his committee labors have been chiefly in agricultural and Indian affairs, and during the present session he has been quiet to a noteworthy degree, taking the floor but seldom, and always voting with the STEVENS faction.

Senator LANE has lived for the last ten years in the midst of the most exciting events of our history. In these events he has taken a prominent part. Though not always wise in his political opinions, he has always been straightforward and honest in their expression. He leaves behind him many friends—men of his own mould, harsh, stern, and unyielding — in whose hearts his memory will long be cherished.



Photographed and Engraved by Penfield. From a Statuette by John Rogers.

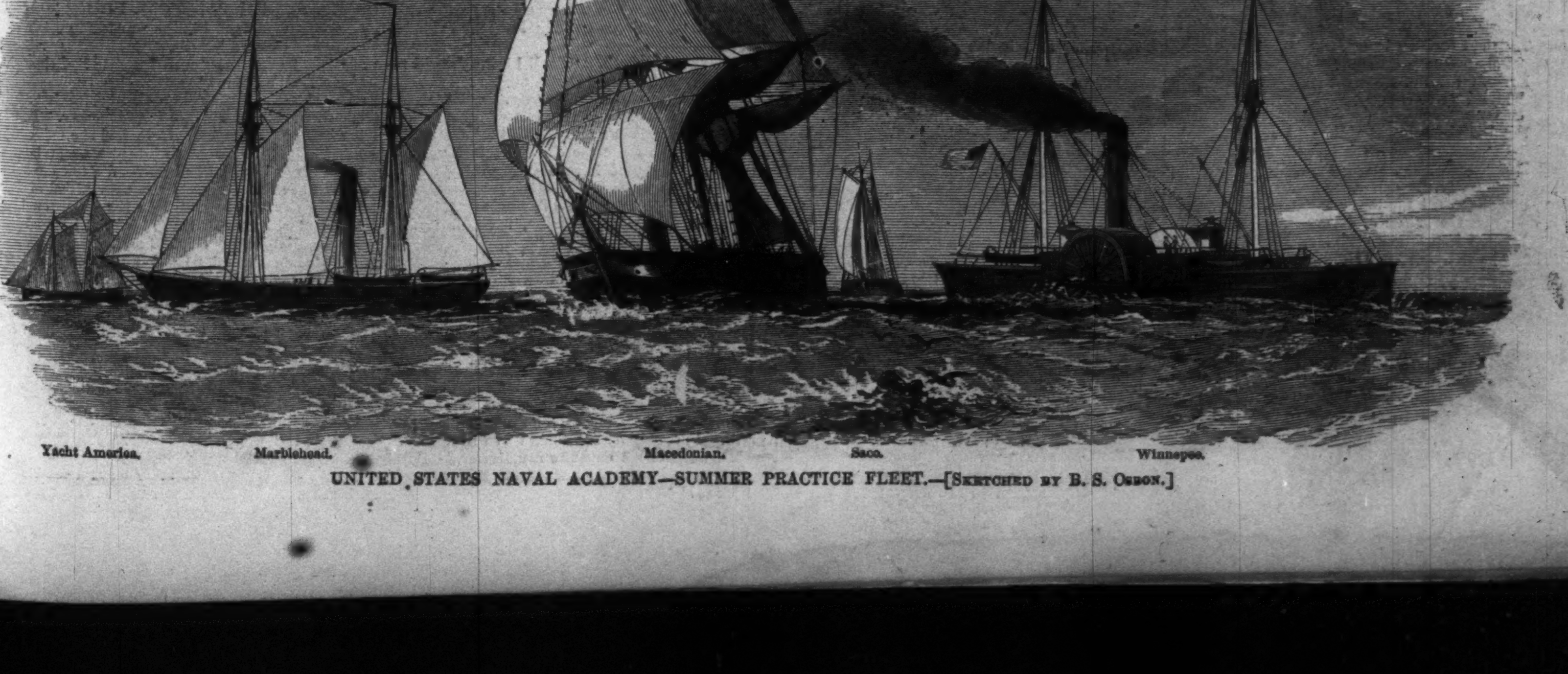
TAKING THE OATH.

THE subject of this beautiful statuette, by Mr. ROGERS, is so familiar to our readers as scarcely to need explanation. In the progress of our armies through the South supplies were freely given to such citizens as were willing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. This work of art is one of the best of a large number of beautiful groups which have come from the hand of Mr. ROGERS.

THE NAVAL SCHOOL EXCURSION.

ON the 26th of June the fleet of vessels selected for the three months' summer cruise of the Naval Academy pupils left Annapolis. These vessels are the old frigates *Macedonian* and *Savannah*, the side-wheel double-ender steamer *Winnepee*, the screw propellers *Marblehead* and *Saco*, and yacht *America*. Within the past three months such of these vessels as needed repairs have undergone thorough overhauling at the Portsmouth Navy-yard; so that all are now in good condition to enter on the duties assigned them.

Scattered through the vessels constituting the fleet are the present pupils of the Naval Academy, besides the late graduating class, numbering seventy-



UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY—SUMMER PRACTICE FLEET.—[SKETCHED BY B. S. OSBON.]

four members, in all some four hundred and twenty-five adolescent middies. The classes are mixed up on the various vessels, and the number on each is not uniform, but varies according to the size of the different vessels. On each ship they are arranged in divisions, for the greater convenience of instruction, and in this regard the most perfect system prevails.

The first or graduating class have decidedly the most agreeable time. Their position is that of midshipmen, and their duties those of this class of subordinate officers. They stand watch on deck, and, when on the steamers, in the engine-rooms also. On the lower classes devolves, while on the sailing vessels, the duty of going aloft and adjusting or removing the sails, and doing all the work of ordinary seamen, except cleaning the decks. Those on the steamers have to go into the fire-rooms, and, with coats off and sleeves rolled up, perform the dirty and disagreeable duty of shoveling the coal and feeding the furnaces. The theory is to familiarize all with the duties of managing sailing and steam vessels, and the fullest practical development of this theory is the paramount if not sole object of this cruise. Before the cruise terminates those now on the steamers will be transferred to the sailing vessels, and *vice versa*, so as to give all a chance to familiarize themselves with the minute details of the divers branches of navigation.

The graduating class flow into the full-fledged costume allowed them in naval regulations—that is to say, the blue jacket, with two rows of buttons, anchors on the lappels, and stars on the sleeves. Straw-hats, white vests and pants, and the white regulation gloves are largely indulged in, with variations to the blue pants and cap, as the weather may vary. The under graduates wear the "jumper" jacket or blouse worn at the Academy, the members of the various classes being distinguishable by the length and wordings of the ornamentive tape. All these sport the naval blue pants and the Scotch cap—a recent academical innovation, but, in connection with the low turn-over collar of the blouse, forming a costume as neat and jaunty as it is striking and pleasing. Of course the full-grown middies sport swords and frock-coats as occasion may require or personal pride suggest.

The command of the yacht *America* was promised to the one of the graduating class bearing away the highest honors. The recipient of these honors was S. N. Kane, of Rhode Island, and present commander of the yacht. He is a cousin of Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer. There are nineteen officers on the various ships, all having the rank of Lieutenant-Commanders. The fleet goes to Portland, Maine, and cruises up and down along the Atlantic coast.

A VENETIAN BRIDAL.

She is dancing in the palace,
In the palace on the sea;
Down, far down, the sullen water
Floweth silently.
She is radiant in her beauty,
Pearls her ebon ringlets twine,
Rubies glisten on her finger,
Sapphires on her bosom shine.
She is queen of every heart there,
Envy of the beauteous train;
On her looks are fiefdoms pending,
Deadliest loss and loftiest gain.
Princes for her sake are sighing;
She is fairest, first of all
Who are dancing in the palace
At the Doge's festival.

Dancing in the Doge's palace,
In the palace on the sea;
Down, far down, the turbid water
Rolleth sullenly.

For her love a royal bosom
Beats with fierce desire:
Unrequited passion, burning
Like consuming fire.
Wherefore doth she shrink and quiver
When He breathes her name?
Wherefore is her cheek and bosom
Dyed with crimson shame?
And her eager eye turns from him,
Glancing far astray
For some absent one, regretful
Of his long delay.
Fix'd upon her with dark meaning,
Glare those baleful eyes;
Fast clench'd, by the wrist, he holds her:
"Thou art mine! My prize!
Vainly from the fowler's clutches
Would the bird take flight;
'Gainst the strong is no appealing,
Here, where might is right."

They are dancing in the Doge's
Palace on the sea;
Down, far down, the cruel water
Murmurs mockingly.

But her cheek grows white: he comes not,
Comes not, whom she loves.
Drooping, vacant, 'mong the dancers
Listlessly she moves.
Heard she not the heavy footsteps
Cross the bridge of doom?
Nor the iron fetters clanking,
Of the living tomb?
Hears she not a sudden splashing
In the tide beneath?
Drown'd in tones of mirth and music
Are the sounds of Death.

She is leaning from her casement
O'er the dark polluted tide.
Long ere set of sun to-morrow
She will be a prince's bride.
Little weens the royal bridegroom,
Dreaming of her in his sleep,
How she watches at her casement
In the dead of night, to weep.

"O thou dark and dismal channel,
Fisher's net was never cast
In thy guilty waters, shrouding
Bloody secrets of the past.
In the day of retribution,
When thy waves are backward roll'd,
What an awful revelation
Shall the startled world behold!
Yet my spirit yearneth o'er thee,
And my envious eyes would peer,
Through thy myst'ries, to recover
All my broken heart holds dear.
What a pearl lies hid beneath thee!
I would venture fathoms deep
To regain my stolen treasure
Which thy gloomy caverns keep.
They have made me fast, their victim!
But I scorn their utmost might.
I will break my chain, Beloved,
And will be with thee to-night!"

They are waiting in the palace,
Bridegroom, kinsmen, guests and all:
Wherefore does the lady tarry
From the wedding festival?
What a rare and splendid pageant!
What a scene of pomp and pride!
Nothing at the marriage festa
Wanting, but, alas! the bride.
Hearts grow sick with hope deferred;
Livid is the bridegroom's cheek;
Near and distant for the lady
High and low in vain they seek.
Bridegroom 'twixt thy dreams and waking—
Blissful dreaming of thy bride—
Heard'st thou not a splash, a ripple
Break the stillness of the tide?
She is safe forever from thee.
Wilt thou seek her in the deeps
Of the foul forbidden waters
Where thy FAVOR'D rival sleeps?

Roll on, woeful, wicked waters,
Bear them out into the sea;
Let them lie all undefiléd
In the blue immensity!

There is mourning in the palace,
In the palace on the sea;
Down, far down, the doomèd waters
Throb lamentingly.

RECOMPENSE.

"Is that Oldtown church yonder, if you please, Sir?"

A girl spoke to me. I turned and looked at her. There are women of sixteen and children of sixteen. This one was a child. She wore the scantiest of cotton dresses, belted at the waist, a pair of leather boots, and a white apron. In her hand she carried a sun-bonnet, and her hair, cropped close like a boy's, curled in black rings about her head. The face was a baby's face in sweetness and in innocence, the little brown hands the hands of toil. No young lady this, yet there was nothing coarse and vulgar about her unless it were those hands.

"That is Oldtown church, my dear," I said. "Are you going there?"

"Yes, Sir, to see the wedding. Are you?"

I was, more fool I, though I did not say so to this child. The bride for whom the bells were ringing was to be mine once, would have been but for the accident which had crippled me and changed her heart. She had done nothing openly treacherous, but I saw the truth and set her free. She took her freedom gladly, and we were two. She had quite forgotten me, no doubt. I believed then I never could forget her.

I knew exactly how she would look in snowy silk and lace and coronet of pearls. I had dreamed of her in bridal robes so often.

I nodded to the little thing beside me trudging over the meadow path with the tall grass almost to her waist, and looking at me wistfully.

"I never saw a wedding," she said.

"No?"

"No, Sir. Grandfather said I might come. He didn't care himself. It's a long walk too from the tavern, and he's very old."

"Does your grandfather keep the tavern?" I asked.

"No, Sir—I wish he did!" said the child. "He has only his fiddle, and people half the time don't care for tunes. What else can *he* do though? To-night there's a dance, and he's to play for them. That's why we stopped."

A poor fiddler's untaught grandchild—as poor as decent poverty could be—yet her presence somehow cheered me. Half child, half woman, and all a child at heart. Innocent, and beautiful, and kindly. I encouraged her to linger at my side. I said to her:

"I will show you a place where you can see the bride well. It is in the gallery. Will you like that?"

"I don't know," she said. "I haven't often been to church. We pray together in lonely places, grandfather and I. Will you be there, Sir?"

"Yes."

"I know I should like it."

"Come with me then," I said, and she followed me.

I had meant to hide myself in the gallery, and see my lost love married quite unseen. This companionship had not been in my *rôle* at all. But I liked it. No friend, no relation, not my own sister, would I have had beside me; but this elfish thing was too innocent to fear. I led the way up the dark old stairs, and toward a spot quite sheltered from general view. Then I sat down and she stood leaning over the balustrade.

The church was full of bonnets. Here and there only a masculine head. The minister was in his seat reading, in a position taken for effect. He was a handsome man, and knew it perfectly well.

Girls whispered and giggled, matrons fanned themselves, and men yawned. Soon the soft roll of carriages on the gravel-path was heard, and the bridal party entered. I saw her at last. Aletta.

"Is that the bride?" half-sobbed the girl's voice at my side. "Is it a real lady? She looks like wax. Oh, how pretty, how beautiful! Look! look!"

She touched me with her little brown hand, and looked at me, her eyes sparkling:

"Did you ever see her before?" she asked. "Is she like that in everyday clothes? Oh, how pretty! how pretty!"

Men have no right to weep. I put my head down upon the cushion of the pew and hid my eyes. I felt the child creep close beside me.

"Poor thing, he's tired!" I heard her whisper, and put her little hand out and patted me softly by stealth.

Soon I looked down into the church again, and saw Grant Stanton kiss his bride.

"Is it over?" asked the girl.

"Yes, child," I said; "all over."

"Then I must go," she said. "Thank you for being so kind to me, Sir. Good-by."

"Good-by," I said, and her little leather shoes pattered over the aisle and down the stairs, and I had seen, as I thought, the last of her. When she was gone I missed her strangely.

I went home when the church was quite empty. It had not been as hard to bear as I had feared, and oddly enough I found myself thinking of that child's little gipsy head, and those beautiful long-fringed eyes. I wondered at myself, but it was so.

"I should like to see the child again," I said, and as I spoke I spied a crowd about a tavern door upon the road.

It was a poor place, and poor rough people made up the group. But it was plainly no common quarrel or drinking bout which had brought them there, for their faces were all grave and their voices suppressed. I crossed the road.

"What has happened, friend?" I asked of a tinker near by.

"Only a blind fiddler dropped dead," he said. "But there's a gal there wild about it."

And then I passed him and went in. An old man lay upon the floor, and across his body a girl had flung herself. I knew the gipsy hair and the brown neck, the scant cotton dress and the sun-bonnet, flung with a handful of wild flowers upon the floor; and I bent over her, touching her little despairing head.

"My child," I said, "he is happier than we are."

And she looked up.

"He was all I had," she said; "all, all!"

So had I thought when Aletta gave me back our betrothal ring. My heart ached for her. I said no other word, but I led her to an inner room, while two men bore the dead man up stairs. She wept wildly, but my presence seemed to comfort her.

After a while she drew closer to me, and, sitting on a low stool, leaned her forehead on my knee. Soon my hand rested on it, and in an hour she had sobbed herself to sleep.

I said a few words to the landlady when I arose to leave; and she promised to attend to my orders, enforced by the contents of my pocket-book.

"The girl sha'n't go until I hear from you, Sir," she said. "Indeed, I don't know where she would go. She seems friendless, and such a child for her age. Thank you, Sir!"

And I went on my way again, thinking not of Aletta, but of the dead fiddler's grandchild. This sun-browned waif, so simple and so ignorant, so friendless and alone.

I was young yet—not five-and-twenty—a bachelor, and likely to be one my life long. I had no proper home to take her to, and no friend to aid me. At last, in my extremity, I thought of Betty—old Betty, who had once been my nurse, and who loved me as she might her own son—and in the gloaming I made my way to her poor home. I found her trimming her vines in the bit of garden-ground, and had my usual kiss across the fence even before the gate was opened.

"I've been thinking of you," she said. "I knew it was you as soon as I heard some one coming. 'Tisn't every young gentleman would weary himself to see an old body like me. Sit down, honey, and rest."

"I came to ask a favor, Betty," I said.

"Just name it, Master Bertie."

"Will you take a boarder, Betty?"

"Bless me! In my two rooms?"

"Only a child, Betty."

"A child!—Master Albert!"

I told her of the fiddler's death, and of the girl. "I have money enough," I said, "but no female relatives. I can only come to you."

"You always were kind-hearted from a boy," she said. "I'll take the little girl, Master Bertie."

Then she put both hands on my shoulders.

"You haven't fretted, have you?" she asked.

"Fretted?" I asked. "Why?"

"Nay, why indeed?" said old Betty. "Better fish in the sea than ever were caught yet." Then in a moment more she added: "I've been to see the wedding."

I felt my face flush. "Shall I bring the girl to-morrow after her grandfather's funeral?" I asked.

"When you please," said Betty. "But, Master Albert, what do you mean to do with her? You are doing all this in a hurry. Just think a bit."

"I mean to adopt the child," I said. "It will make me happy to have a young thing to care for."

Betty laughed. "You'll have young things of your own, please God, some day," she said. "Why, at your age life is before you."

"I shall never marry, Betty," I said.

She caught my fingers in a close clasp with her horny hard-working hand.

"I wish you was back again a baby on my knee, Master Bertie," she said. "I'd like to sing you to sleep as I did then. Ah! it's a grief to us old women to see the young we've nursed grow up so tall and old, with their troubles so shut up in their own hearts that we can't comfort them. Going? Well, then, good-night! I'm ready for the child when you will. I'm ready for any thing that will cheer you, Master Bertie. I ought to say Master Albert always now, I suppose; but the old times do come back so!"

I left her leaning over her gate looking wistfully after me, knowing as a mother might the grief which I had buried in my heart. And if her words had given me a pang, it was like some ointment which makes the wound smart in its very healing. It was something to be loved so even by my old nurse.

Late the next day I led my young charge from her grandfather's grave to Betty's cottage. She kept my hand upon the road as a little child might. I had no thought but that she was one, until old Betty's cry of "Goodness, Master Bertie, I thought you said a young child! Why, *this* is a grown girl!" startled me into consciousness.

"It doesn't matter, does it, Betty?" I asked. She turned to the girl.

"Take off your bonnet," she said, a little grimly. "I want to look at you. What is your name?"

The girl obeyed. "I'm only Nelly Hay," she said, and stood to be looked at. Betty looked sternly at first, then pityingly.

"La, no! Master Bertie, it *don't* matter," she said. "I don't see any harm in her. There's a peg behind the door, child. You can hang your bonnet on that." And I left the two together.

Not long, though; every day found some new errand to take me to the cottage. I put on elderly airs, and gave advice. I had her sent to school, and went through grave examinations on Saturday afternoons. I told old Betty that when I was a [illegible] of middle age I should take my little dau[illegible] home, and she should keep house for us. And I began to fancy, very soon, that there could be no such happiness as that a parent felt. The girl was growing tall, it is true, and I was only ten years older than she was; but when she checked her light tread to keep pace with me, when the childish laugh bubbled and rippled at something which could only make me smile, I felt that years are not the only things which age us.

I was working hard at my profession too. I had hands and heart full. In a year I found that I could pass Aletta on her husband's arm without a pang. In a year more I wondered whether she had really changed, or whether I fancied black curls more than I did golden bands, for I found myself thinking my little daughter much the prettiest.

In the sultry summer evenings I used to leave red tape and parchment and go out to Betty's cottage to have tea with her and my adopted child. Then, while she polished up the cups, Nellie Hay and I used to walk down to the river side. Tall as she was growing, I had a way of holding her hand still; and we had such pleasant talks! such odd, unworldly chatter! Those walks and simple tea-drinkings rested the brain, wearied with law business, quarrels, and quibbles, and stratagems, more than I can tell.

The rough hands had grown softer now, the waist taper, the bust full. The sweep of woman's robes, the tread of woman's lightly-shod feet had taken the place of clumping leather boots and scant cotton skirts.

I knew this, but Nellie was a child to me all the same. Was I not by adoption her father? Had not my early grief and the staff on which I leaned aged me before my time? Of course she always would be young to me; and why I felt so angry if by chance some gay young farmer chatted with her over the fence, or some neighbor saw her home from church, I could not tell. "An old man's temper, I suppose," I said, and sighed like a young one.

So three years passed. At the end of that time Aletta's husband died. They had quarreled, and she had made him woefully jealous, it was said; and all his property, save a mere pittance, was willed to strangers.

One day a lady in black walked into my office; when she lifted her veil I saw Aletta Stanton's face, closer to me than it had been since we parted. My heart gave no wild throb. I felt as though I were a mere stranger.

Courteously and quite calmly I heard her business. She intended to contest the will and needed advice. I gave her what I could. I referred her to a brother-lawyer as the one who would best espouse her cause. As for myself I told her truly that my time was too completely occupied to undertake any thing more, and I wished her success.

She looked at me wistfully, with her great blue eyes full of tears, as she arose to go.

"It was cruel of him," she said, "very cruel to leave me so poor; but he was never kind, never—not in the honey-moon even."

"I regret to hear it," I said.

"I could expect nothing more," she said; "I did not love him—I never loved but one, and that one—"

She paused and looked at me.

"That one I love still," she said.

And Heaven knows no feeling of revenge or petty triumph was in my heart when I looked in Aletta Stanton's eyes as if I did not understand her and courteously bowed her out.

"Did I ever care for that woman?" I thought, "or is it all a dream?"

I took my adopted child to the theatre that night and we saw the Lady of Lyons together. It was her first play-going experience, and she enjoyed it immensely. She wore a white dress and bonnet and the coral drops I had fastened a few days before in her little ears. I was very proud of her. I could not help looking into her eyes, touching her hand with mine. When I left her I kissed her.

"Good-night, my child," I said.

And she answered, "Good-night," with a cheek dyed on the instant deeper scarlet, and ran away as Betty came out to chat with me.

From that night I dated an odd change. My adopted child seemed shy of letting me keep her hand—shy even of chatting as she did. She was graver, more womanly. I fancied she did not care for me as she did. Perhaps some of those farmers who leaned over the gate at sunset, some of those young fellows who so often escorted her home from church, had won her from me. I grew a little moody. I found myself in brown studies when I should have been at work. At last I determined to discover whether I was really to lose my child, and went down to the cottage. I found her there sitting at work with Betty.

After all, it was no easy task. I could not do it as I had hoped. I tried jesting, and spoke of one and of the other of the young fellows near. "We shall have Nellie stolen from us, I suppose?" I said. "There is nothing so easily lost from a family as a pretty daughter. But who is to have you, Nellie?"

She looked at me as children look before they burst into tears—her chin quivering, her throat swelling—then she dropped her work, and stole from the room without answering me.

"What ails the child, Betty?" I asked. "Have I offended her?"

Old Betty stood before me sturdy and stern—a look in her face I had never yet seen there.

"Master Albert," she said, "whatever she was when she came here, Nellie is no child now. Oh, Master Albert, I can't believe you've done it on purpose! You couldn't—such a sweet, innocent thing!—but it's done. All I can say is, go away, or let her go, and maybe the wound will heal. I ought to have spoken in time. I was an old fool. Oh, how could you, Master Albert?—how could you?"

"What have I done?" I cried. "I would rather die than harm her."

"And yet you've made her love you," said Betty, sternly. "You who knew you never would love her. You've been very selfish, Master Albert."

A new light dawned upon me, a radiance brilliant beyond my hopes.

"Betty," said I, "you are dreaming. She must think me old enough to be a grandfather, with my long face and bald crown and this crutch. I've had one dream broken: don't set me dreaming again for Heaven's sake!"

Old Betty looked at me; then caught my face in both hands and kissed me.

"Master Bertie," said she, "I sha'n't tell you a word more. The child is under the grape-vine out yonder; go and find out what you want to know for yourself. You silly, handsome, good-for-nothing fellow!"

I found my child under the grape-vine, her face wet with tears. I sat down by her and put my arm about her waist.

"Nellie," said I, "don't shrink from me. I am your true friend. Your friend, whatever answer you may give me now. I am older than you. I am not vain enough to think myself a young girl's beau-ideal. But I love you dearly, Nelly. Can you love me enough to be my wife? If you can not, if another claims your heart, do not say yes from gratitude. Tell me the truth, and still retain a father's, a brother's, a friend's affection. Nellie?"

I bent over her, and my life seemed in her keeping. Until that moment I had not known myself. I loved her madly. I felt it now better, far better, than in my youth I had loved Aletta Stanton.

She spake no word.

"Nellie?" I said, "Nellie?" and a brown hand was laid of its own accord in mine, and beneath my gaze the dark eyes dare not lift themselves, but hid their sweetness on my breast. Nellie was mine.

I sat with her beating heart so near my own, and thought it all over. I remembered the child in her cotton gown standing in the gallery of the church on that wedding morn. I remembered the child whom I had taught; the girl with whom I had passed such happy hours. And I felt that this living love, sprung, phœnix like, from the ashes of the dead one, was the purest feeling of my life.

So my old fancy of keeping house with my child came true at last; only when she crossed the threshold of my home with me I called her wife. And still the touch of her brown hand brings comfort with it; still her sweet voice is better to me than all the music in the world. And, as in my youth I fancied myself old, surely in my age I shall believe myself young, for while we love and are beloved youth can never die, and while we live I and my Nellie must love each other.

HALF A BREATH.

AT an upper window of a beetle-browed building, in a certain manufacturing town, there is, or there was, a man of solemn and unwinking look, perched on a platform before a desk; a man of more than Roman integrity, not to be seduced by the clamor of the street below, to so much as the blink of an eye, aside from the ledger, in which he eternally wrote, through all hours of the day and night; a wooden St. Simeon Stylites, in cutaway coat and lank trowsers; object of much childish speculation on my part; subject, also, of a current legend, which though no one was ever to be caught in telling, yet in some mysterious way was perfectly known to all our townsfolk.

The legend is of two wooden men. One, the Stylites just described; the other walked about on two legs that could bend, and did; and if you had poked him, I have no doubt your finger would have dented his flesh; a most respectable man also, as our townsfolk will assure you when I name I. T. Minor; and yet, I maintain, a man of wood. He lived in the nineteenth century, and behaved in it like Gail Hamilton's goose on the track. After an entire train had passed over her, sitting between the rails, "she arose, looked over her shoulder, as who should say, seems to me I heard something, and waddled off with placid but evident contempt for all such flummery." He used his little shred of life as the Chinese tailor did the new trowsers, which he patched precisely where the old ones were patched. Wooden! why if the legend be true, the Stylites was infinitely the most impressionable of the two. I say if the legend be true, for I vouch only for my two men of wood.

One night, lying in his bed, I. T. Minor heard himself loudly called—I. T. Minor! I. T. Minor! It was not an hour at which people are apt to be called; half past twelve by the little clock on the mantle; and the voice sounded from without; within the house was silent; besides the night was wild with rain and wind, coming with voices that clamored, and voices that wailed, and bursting against the house with a wet rush, like waves and breaking surf; and yet I. T. Minor felt himself irresistibly compelled to get up out of his warm bed and peep, shivering, out into the wet street; and as he stood at the window came the voice again: I. T. Minor! I. T. Minor! more loudly and imperatively than before; and though Mr. Minor certainly intended to get back to bed at once he got into his boots instead; and though assuredly he would never venture out on such a night and at such an hour, he found himself pulling on his trowsers, and urged by the terrible voice, and in spite of himself, he buttoned his great-coat and took down his hat, though groaning all the time,

"Oh dear! I wish it would stop. I shall be obliged to go! I can't stop myself! Oh dear! what will the neighbors think, hearing my name shouted all over town? And why don't somebody wake up?"

As if people ever waked when wanted, and the wife of your bosom, or friend of your heart, did not always snore straight through your visitations of toothache and ghosts! The voice rang out on the night like the heavy stroke of a fire-alarm, yet nobody stirred. No windows were opened on the opposite side; no night-capped heads peeped out after Mr. I. T. Minor as he unwillingly stepped from his door into the street; but then, inconsistently enough, from shame and confusion, at the public nature of this mysterious summons, he fell to wishing that they would look out and stop him if they could. He remembered certain garroting legends, and looked suspiciously at areas and alley-ways, inky head-quarters of the blackness about him. He observed to himself that it was at once disgraceful and ridiculous for a respectable man of regular habits to be prowling about after midnight of the worst night of the season. Also, that an incredulous world, not to mention Mrs. Minor, would lend a doubting ear to stories of ghostly voices and irresistible impulses; finally, that he was going back at once—in spite of all which he went steadily forward.

To his astonishment he presently discovered that he was not alone. Familiar front-doors opened, one after the other, and familiar great-coats came tramping heavily down the steps: Codger and Screwsby, Box and Cox, almost every man in the row, in fact. I. T. Minor rubbed his eyes with

"Why, where the deuce are you going, Codger?"

"Don't you hear it?" returned Codger, with an air of listening. "I thought it would wake the whole town with its David Codger! David Codger! Hillo, Screwsby! what brings you out?"

"Don't you hear it!" cried Screwsby, with the same air of listening. "Tom Screwsby! Tom Screwsby! I tried to stay in bed but I couldn't, so here I am!"

And they marched on together, while Minor stared incredulously after them, doubting his senses, all the time more front-doors opening, more people crowding into the street, till Minor was hustled and jostled on all sides by a crowd, for which I must use capital letters to express how Utterly and Entirely Respectable they were, made up of the very Best Men, speaking after Mammon, each and all answering, when questioned, as Codger and Screwsby had done, each wrapped in himself and unconscious of his neighbor, with the same air of listening clearly to his own call, and deaf to the others, as Minor heard only and continually I. T. Minor, above all the stir; and all, urged by the same mysterious impulse, pressing onward—where?

Minor was asking himself that with some perturbation, when he found himself in front of his own warehouse, at whose upper window stood the Wooden Man at his desk. How it was that he could see distinctly in that pitchy darkness; how it was that the Wooden Man had raised his head and stood looking straight at the crowd; how it was that he no longer wrote in his ledger but held up a hand as if in appeal with the pen still clasped between its painted fingers, or what brought that pale girl there on the platform beside him, I. T. Minor did not even ask. He accepted it all as in sleep we do the unnatural conditions of a dream, and understood that here was a court of inquiry: that here in the ledger was a record against him; that here, in the pale girl, was a witness against him and the other highly respectable gentlemen on trial with him. What he did not comprehend was of what he and they could have been guilty. He glanced at his neighbors, but Codger, Screwsby, and the rest, were intent on the pale girl about to speak. A half recognition stirred in I. T. Minor's mind. Where had he seen her?

"I am sorry," commenced the girl, nervously. "I do not desire to complain. I did not come here of free-will, and I hope gentlemen will not remember it against me, for though my salary is small I should not like to lose it. I have a bed-ridden brother and a mother to support; and though teaching five days out of seven is certainly wearing work, yet I have continual reason to be thankful that I am in possession of such a resource; and I quite believed the gentlemen when they told us at the end of the quarter that there was positively no money in the treasury, and they were sorry to make us wait. But it was a bitter disappointment to those not so poor as we; and to us, who have always to struggle so—gentlemen who are not obliged to think three times over every penny can hardly tell how bitter!" continued the girl, warmly. "I have ninety-three dollars a quarter, out of which I lay aside so much for rent, and so much for fire. With the rest we buy of course just flour enough, just oil, just sugar, just every thing enough to last till relief comes again, that is, next pay-day, and patch, and watch our shoes, and dresses, and fuel, and flour, and lights, lest any thing should give out before; so you understand how it is that every thing runs out together just before pay-day. There is no more medicine for the sick one, you are half-way down your last pail of coal, you have kneaded your last quart of flour, you are at the bottom of your oil can, you have promised to pay back the money you borrowed to-morrow, and to settle certain bills, and can hardly, perhaps, keep the old shoes on your feet in which you go for the money that you have earned by three months' hard work; and—the city has built a new hall, or a tower, or the proper appropriation has not been made, and gentlemen give us drafts, payable in—what matter does it make to the eager, anxious ones at home how many months, when they have already strained endurance to its utmost tension and can wait no longer? Gentlemen will cash our drafts at a discount—that means seven, or ten, or fifteen dollars off, as the case may be; but when it is hardly possible to keep alive on ninety-three dollars, all told, how is it possible to do it on seven or ten dollars less? Shall we wait, then, till the promised pay-day, and live on credit? That means, gentlemen, getting behindhand every day a little and a little more. Impossible to economize, and use discretion and dis——"

"And if it is," burst in I. T. Minor, who with deep indignation had recognized in the girl a teacher in a school of whose board he was a member, "a pretty cause for which to rout men like us out of their beds at midnight! What can we do about it? Is it our fault if the proper appropriations are not made?"

"We are very sorry—"

"Yes, very sorry," echoed Codger & Co.; "but what can we do?"

"Do!" cried the Wooden Man. "What would you have done, if in your salaried days—for I take it, most of you, at one time or other, have been glad enough to receive a salary—I say what would you have done if, after three months' faithful labor, your employer had softly said he was 'very sorry,' as he presented you with a draft, due three months from date, because he really would not have the money before? How if your employer was 'very sorry' in this manner, once and again, sometimes for three quarters running, as has happened to this girl and hundreds of men and women in similar positions—and what you would have done for yourselves, is it not your duty, Christian men, to do for your brothers, and still more for those who, being women, especially appeal to you, as weaker than yourselves? If the laborer *is* worthy of his hire, then, when he fails to get it, there is a wrong somewhere, and it is your duty to find it out; and that the girl has spoken within the bounds of truth I bear witness; for here, as I stand above your heads, I write down, day after day, the sighs, the struggles, the patience, the disappointments, the suspense, of men and women in positions like hers; and the dullness, blindness, hardness, and stupidity toward them of men like you. Rouse you out of your beds, indeed! Why, it has roused a Wooden Man to speech. I protest I am heartily glad of the condemnation that has come upon you!"

At the word "condemnation," Codger, Screwsby, I. T. Minor, and the rest, looked blankly at each other, while the pale girl made a deprecating motion, instantly checked by the Wooden Man.

"There has been lately," he went on, in his dry, hard voice, "a deficit of air unparalleled since the earliest days of the world. Of the cause I am unable to speak, but I can confidently assure you that the deficiency will be supplied in three days' time at the least. Meantime, by accurate computation, it has been discovered that there is not sufficient air about the globe to supply each individual with his usual quota, and it has been decided, for very evident reasons, that the atmospheric dearth shall fall principally on you gentlemen here assembled."

Here there was a murmur and commotion in the crowd, quickly silenced by the Wooden Man, who continued with an unpleasant chuckle:

"We are aware that you are fully entitled to as much air as will sufficiently inflate your lungs at every breath; but what can the Board of Winds and Currents do? We have not the air on hand; and we can only pledge you our honor that in three days' time matters will return to their usual course. Meantime you will receive but half the usual amount of air at each breath. You will, also, occasionally find yourself entirely without any breath at all, and will then be obliged to borrow of some more fortunate neighbor—say, some teller of interminable stories, or an incurable scold. We are very sorry, but really, gentlemen, we are doing for you the best we can."

"Shameful!" commenced I. T. Minor, indignantly; but his protest was cut short by a new and disagreeable sensation—not precisely that of choking, but a continual impression and apprehension that he should shortly come to that. He inflated his chest to its utmost, opened his mouth at its widest, but the result was quite as unsatisfactory as before. He looked about on his neighbors; they were gasping like himself. He glanced appealingly at the Wooden Man, but he was again as stolidly intent on his ledger as ever.

Day was breaking when Minor reached his home, but nobody had observed his absence; neither did any one at breakfast perceive that he was in a half-strangled condition. Going down-town at business-hours, from force of habit, he found no one sharper-sighted than at home, till suddenly, while talking prices in his warehouse, as the Wooden Man had warned him, he lost breath entirely.

"Heart alive, man! what is the matter with you?" cried old Brown, who was talking with him, jumping backward in a fright.

"Give—give—" gurgled Minor; but not another word could he get out till, catching a chance breath of his alarmed companion, he recovered as suddenly as he had been seized.

"Singular attacks—very!" remarked old Brown, suspiciously.

"Oh, it's nothing—nothing—subject to it—hereditary, you know!" explained Minor, confusedly; but a few moments after he was seized again—breath entirely gone, and black in the face. Men ran on all sides to find remedies and a physician.

"No; air—air!" gasped Minor, faintly.

"Yes, yes; give him air," said every body, getting away from him, and so removing from the unlucky man all chance of borrowing a breath, and he kicked and struggled in a frenzy of despair. Just then Codger passed by, but, as Minor looked imploringly at him, shook his head—had not breath enough for himself, poor fellow! and if it had not been for a friendly puff of wind the next paragraph would have been I. T. Minor's obituary. As it was, he lost his bargain, his wealthy customer not having time to wait, and gained the desirable reputation of being subject to fits.

"I shall be ruined—ruined and dead before the three days are half over," said Minor, mournfully, to himself, trying to make half a breath answer for a whole one, and quaking in anticipation of no breath at all, when he felt himself seized by the shoulder, and heard Mrs. Minor's voice:

"Why, I. T., wake up! wake up, I say! What are you groaning about?"

At least that is the way in which friends of the family try to blunt the point of the story: rather call it nightmare, you see, than admit, as some say, that I. T. Minor was actually wandering abroad all night, and came home at daybreak, haggard and nearly dead, declaring that he had lived three horrible days in one night. To this ending I incline, but, as an impartial historian, give both versions. Take your choice. I vouch but for two things—and those, as I said in the beginning, my two wooden men. For two things? No. For three: for the sad truth of that pale girl's trembling story also.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

POLICE "INTELLIGENCE."—There isn't any!

Why are the ladies of the Ballet very kind to their relations?—Because they are so fond of their grand-*pas*.

Love is as necessary to a woman's heart as a fashionable bonnet to her head. Indeed, we think, rather more so; for nothing less than a large measure of love will content her; whereas the recent fashion has shown that she can be satisfied with a very little bonnet.

Milton was asked, "How is it that in some countries a king is allowed to take his place on the throne at fourteen years but may not marry until he is eighteen?" "Because," said the poet, "it is easier to govern a kingdom than a woman."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At the next meeting of the Zoological Society a Paper will be read "On the Pace of the Snail," with a rider "On its Gallop."

At an extraordinary meeting of the Pharmaceutical Society a Paper will be read "On an Infusion of New Blood."

The last dog story is of two dogs who fell to fighting in a saw-mill. In the course of the tussel one of the dogs went plump against a saw in rapid motion, which cut him in two instanter. The hind legs ran away, but the fore legs continued to fight and whipped the other dog.

STICKING TO THE LAST.—The cobblers of Nantes have recently been on strike because the name of their patron saint, Crispin, was not included in the *Almanac Nantais*. The authorities, out of regard for the soles of the people, corrected the calendar, and the pride of the craft was heel'd. The disturbance was thus allayed, and the cobblers, who threatened to come to blows, returned to their wax.

KISSING.

"Oh, quit—get out—now don't you—
I really wish you wouldn't!
Oh, quit—will you?—get out!
You know you ought to shouldn't.

"There, now, you've got it—oh, be still!
You sha'n't have any more;
You've got—oh, take away your face!—
What no man got before.

"Once more?—there—that'll do—don't.
You've rumpled up my hair;
If you'll but quit, I'll give you one—
Now take it—there—there—there!"

NEW TAXES.

For each curl on a lady's head above ten, five cents.

For wearing a low-necked dress, one dollar.

For wearing hoops larger than eight feet in diameter, eight cents for each hoop.

For sleeping in church, ten dollars.

Seeing a lady home from church, twenty cents.

For every flirtation, ten cents.

For kissing a pretty girl, one dollar.

Each pretty lady to be taxed from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars, she to fix the estimate of her own beauty.

Old bachelors over thirty are taxed ten dollars, and sentenced to banishment to Utah.

A wag thus eulogizes his musical attainments: "I know two tunes; the one is Auld Lang Syne, and the other isn't; I always sing the latter."

When are two potatoes precisely alike?—When they're pared.

The best of men are but men at the best.

BREWERS' LANGUAGE—He brew.

A PARTING INJUNCTION—A decree in the Divorce Court.

You needn't have such reverence for truth as always to stand at an awful distance from it.

A MAN MOST OPEN TO CONVICTION.—The prisoner at the bar.

—A petroleum family has lately started in fashionable life, whose parlor is said to be so brilliantly furnished that they look at it only once a month, and then they do it through smoked glass.

Man, says the anatomist, changes entirely every seven years; "therefore," says Jones, "my tailor should not ask me for the bill I contracted in 1858—I am not the same person—hence I owe him nothing."

When your wife is silent, hold the baby for her. Perhaps it is as much as she can do to hold her tongue.

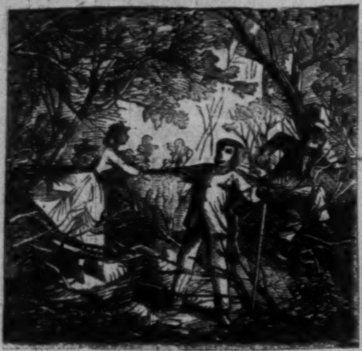
"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this cause." "Ah, Sir," replied the conscientious witness, "but just think what I *didn't* say."

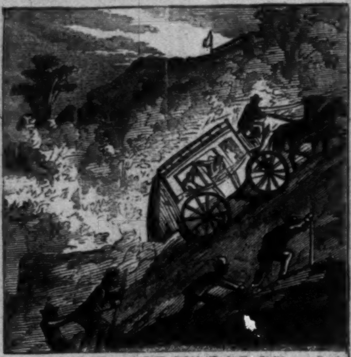
"Why do you drive such a pitiful-looking carcass as that? Why don't you put a heavier coat of flesh on him, Pat?" "A heavier coat of flesh! By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him now!"

Scandal is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally utters it.

Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.

"Who's there?" said Robinson, one cold winter night, disturbed in his repose by some one knocking at the street-door. "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "Want to stay here all night." "Queer taste of yours, ain't it? But stay there by all means," was the benevolent reply.


IN THE WOODS.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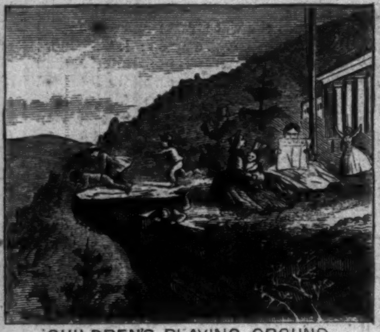
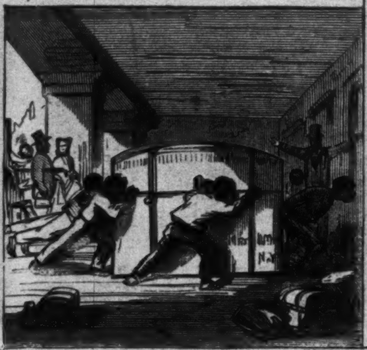

CHILDREN'S PLAYING GROUND.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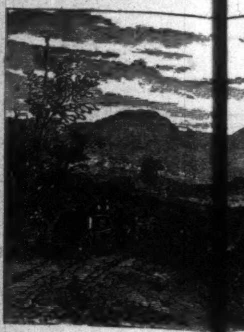
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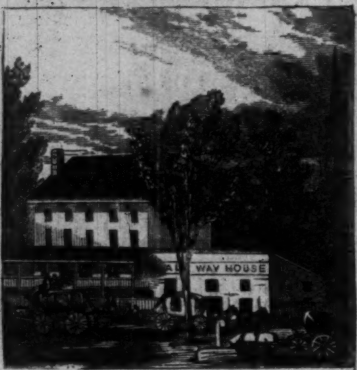
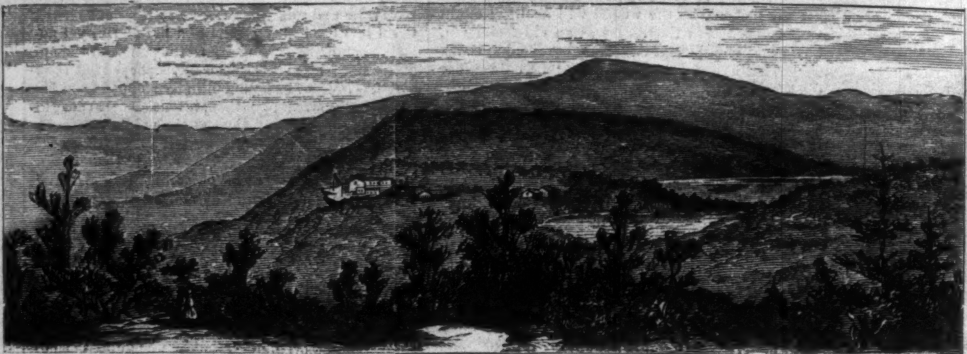


HALFWAY HOUSE.


VIEW FROM NORTH MOUNTAIN.

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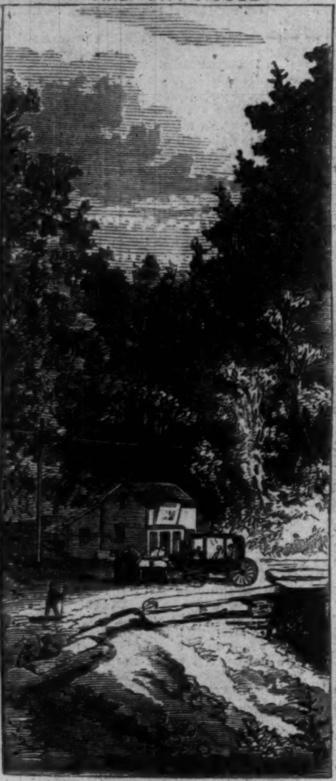
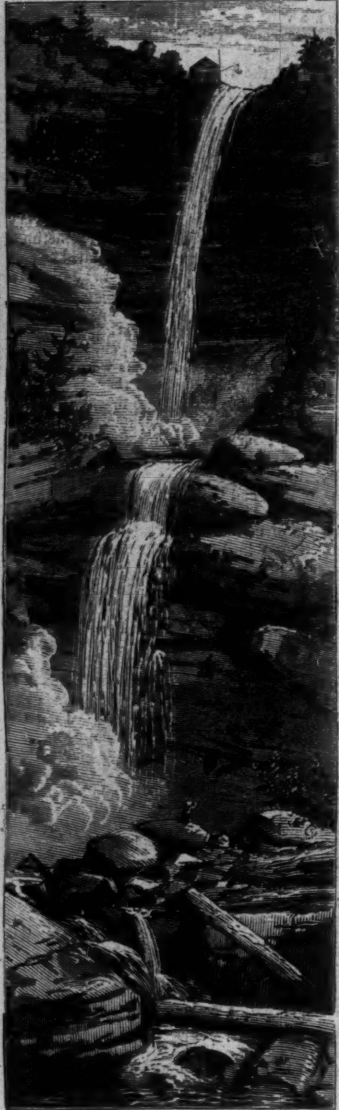
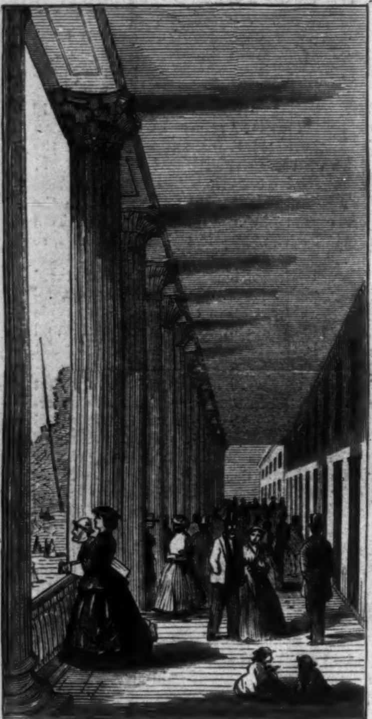

THE RIP VAN WINKLE HOUSE.


KAUTERSKILL FALLS.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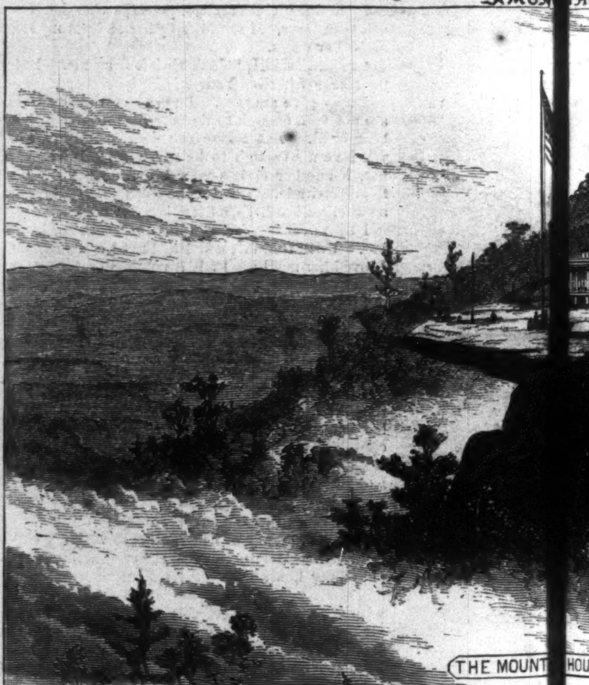
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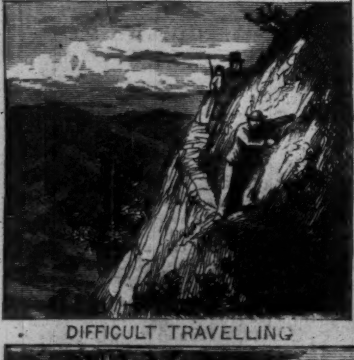
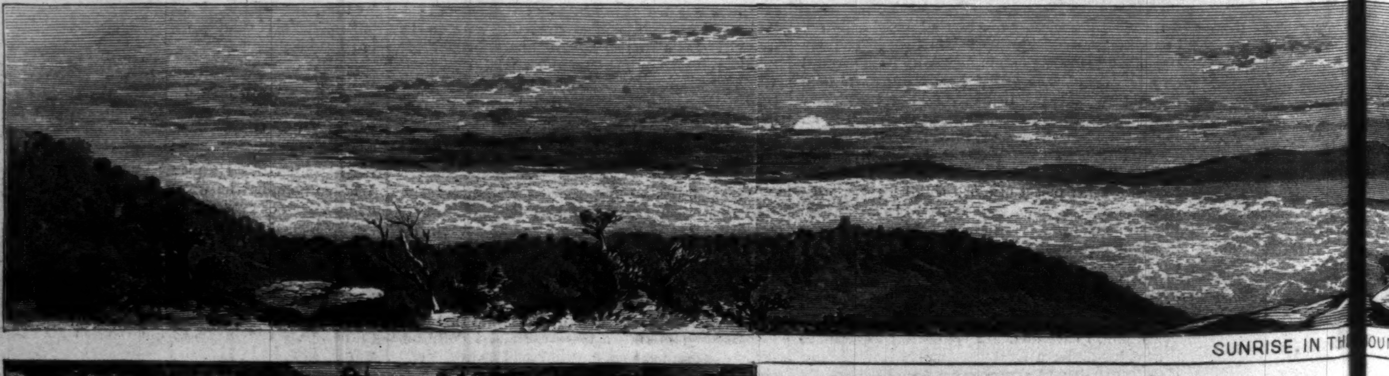

DIFFICULT TRAVELLING.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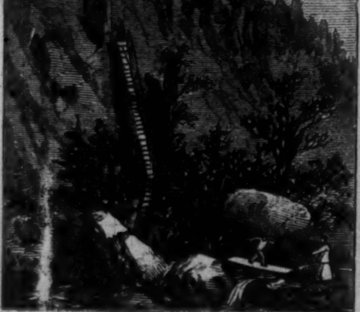
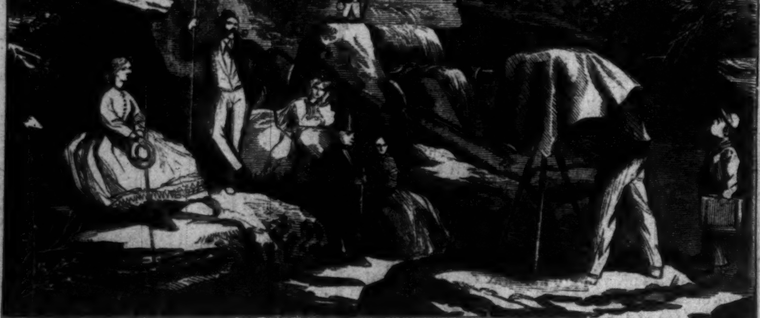
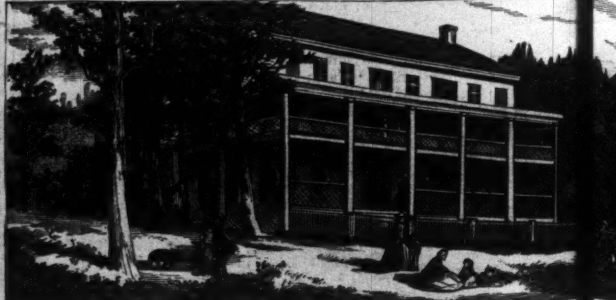
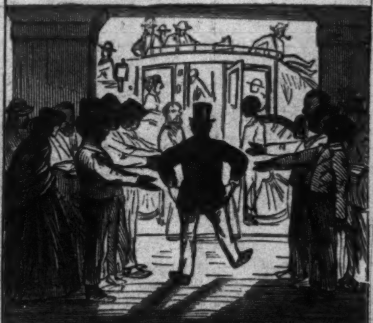

THE STAIRS TO THE FALLS.


THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

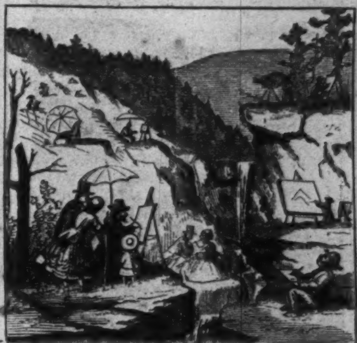

THE LAUREL HOUSE AT TH

OAD.

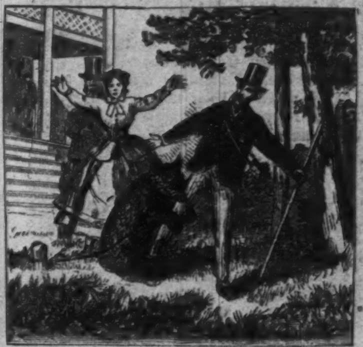


DEPARTING.

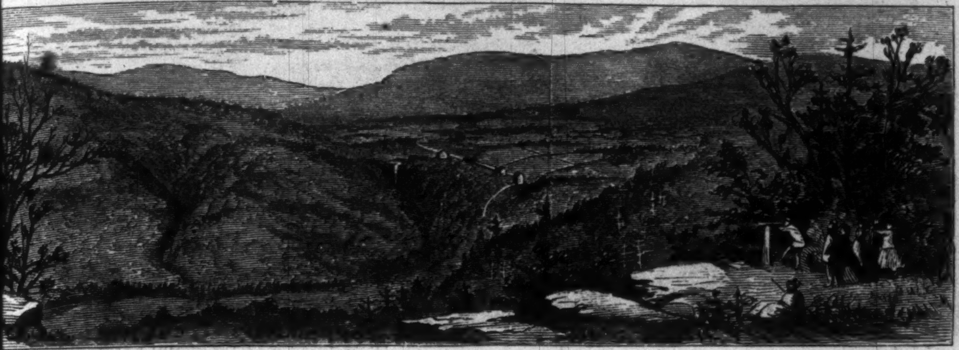
IN THE CLOUDS.



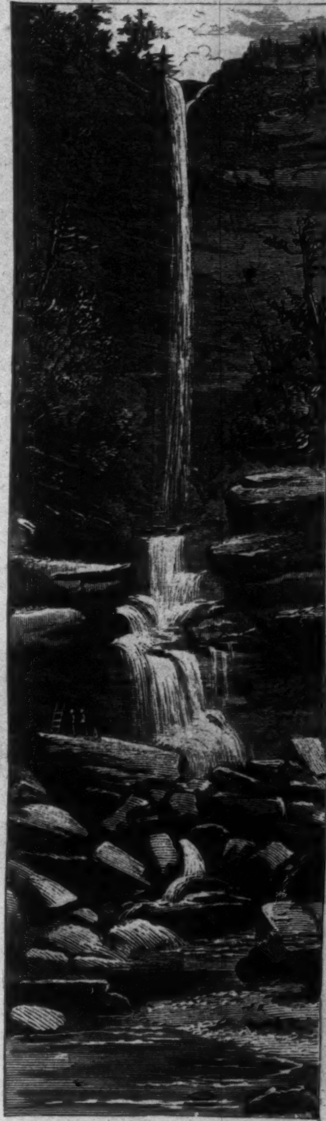
THE ARTIST IN THE MOUNTAINS.



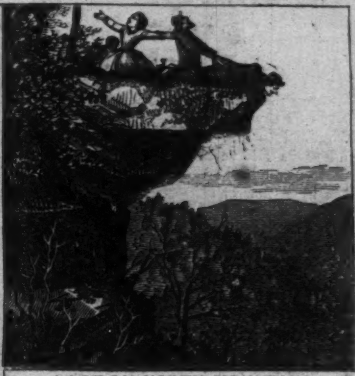
THE BEAR AT THE LAUREL HOUSE.



VIEW FROM SUNSET ROCK.



HAINE'S FALL.



LAST ON NORTH MOUNTAIN

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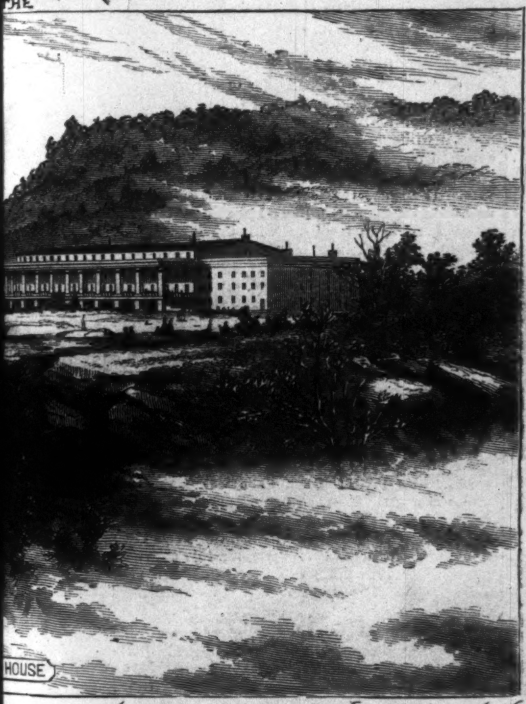

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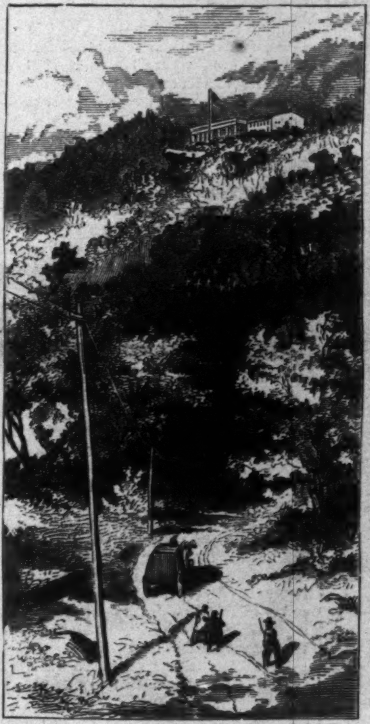
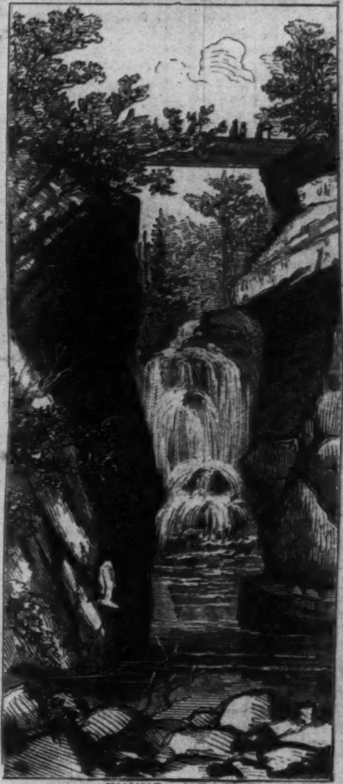
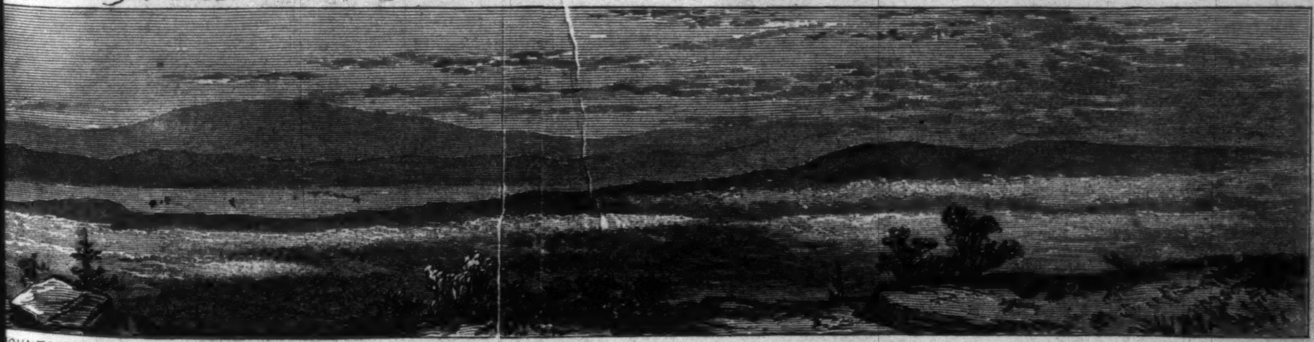


NEARING THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE.



FAWNS LEAP

MOUNTAINS.



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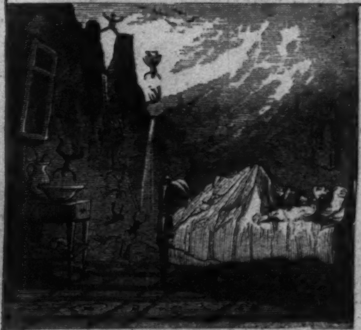
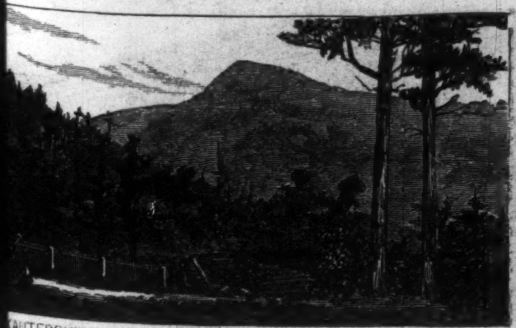
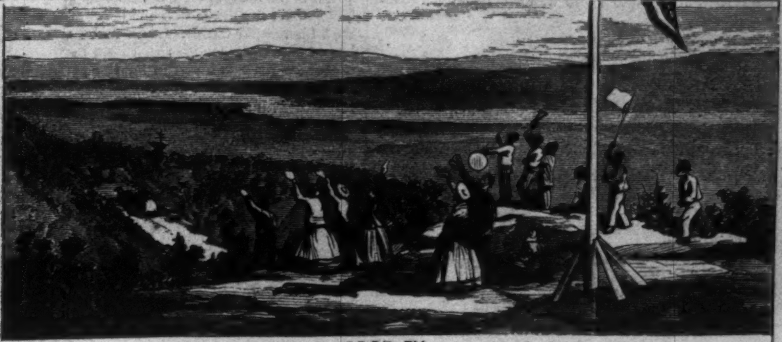


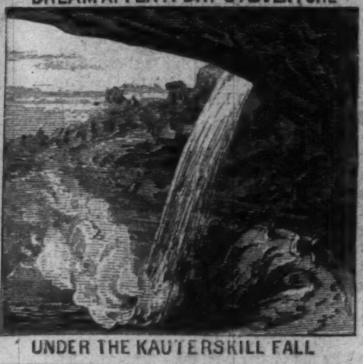
DREAM AFTER A DAY'S ADVENTURE



KAUTERSKILL FALLS.



GOOD-BY.



UNDER THE KAUTERSKILL FALL

A TALE FOR THE TIME.

Two dogs, one day, adown the street
Were trotting, holding converse meet;
For dogs, whatever man may teach,
Have wondrous faculty of speech,
And tell each other many a story
Not too much to their masters' glory—
Two bull-dogs, a good-natured race,
When man their nature don't debase.

Says Bob, "I heard them say last night
They've made a match, and we're to fight.
Quiet beneath old Scroggins' chair
And stretch'd out with a sleepy air,
I lay, while they with pipes and gin
Belch'd smoke and suck'd the poison in:
And first they talk'd about our weight,
And then our pluck; and long debate
They held about our several ways
Of 'going in' with just such praise
As, if we were such fools as they,
Might make us vain of what they say."

Quoth Tom, "I'm sorry, Bob, to hear it:
A bite or so, mind, I don't fear it;
If any stranger dog should come
Lurking about my place at home,
Thinking to cut me out with Rose,
Or snatch my bone before my nose,
I'd pitch into him with a will,
And prove I have both pluck and skill.
But you and I, old Bob, are friends;
Each in a quarrel always lends
T'other his help, and when we rally
Foes best be off—we'll clear the alley."

"What can we do, Tom? 'tis our trade;
High bets upon 'the event' are laid:
My master 's now sleek as a beagle,
Clears all before him at the Eagle;
Yours is not quite in such high feather,
But, Tom, when they pit us together
Both cash and credit will be flowing,
Though where cash comes from there's no knowing,
As if they got no end of toddies
And grub out of our mangled bodies."

"I tell you, Bob," says Tom, "they're brewing
Fun for themselves, but our undoing.
Why, boy, when once we're set to win
Nor you nor I shall e'er give in;
Wherever once we fix our teeth
We hold as long as we have breath:
Of one of us the death is sure,
The other maim'd beyond all cure,
And all because these two-legged brutes
Live of our sufferings on the fruits.
Now look you, Bob, if I and you
Were only to each other true
We'd read these varmints such a lesson
They'd never find the sense to guess on."

"What would you do?"
"What would I do?
Serve them as they'd make me serve you—
Show them your teeth. Don't look dismay'd,
You say you're not of death afraid;
The worst can happen is to die,
And let them kill you, Bob, not I."

What happen'd after this converse
It might be irksome to rehearse.
But out of a low hovel rush'd
One eve, a crowd together crush'd,
Following amain with sticks and staves
Two dogs, and furiously raves
One ruffian, "Why, the curs are mad!
Kill 'em!". Each passing man and lad
Joins in the cry, "Mad dog! mad dog!"
One brains the foremost with a log,
The other, maimed with many blows,
Lays by his old friend's ear his nose,
And just growls out, "So let 'em think.
To us who're just upon death's brink,
A word is naught; but 'mad dog's' bite
Shall haunt our slayers day and night,
And those who'd kill us in this sort
Learn not to madden us for sport."
With that he lick'd his comrade's face
And died—with bull-dog hero's grace.

THREE OF THEM.

EVERY thing in this world goes by comparison. Amidst the dead level of the prairies it would take a very little mole-hill to make a mountain; and it would require a different girl to dazzle in New York society from the one who finds it no task to be queen of hearts in a country village. Hetty May was quite a belle in Danbury. She was just a piece of pink and white prettiness. Her father and mother had been charmed by this same prettiness from her babyhood, and had unconsciously done homage to it all their lives. Her two older sisters, Hannah and Huldah, had never been too good to help their mother with the housework. They had baked and brewed, scoured floors and washed milk-pans, and been healthy and happy and womanly in spite of it.

Hannah married first, and Huldah two years afterward. Then the neighbors thought Hetty would have, as they expressed it, "to come into it." But Deacon May and his wife had other views. They hired a stout woman in the kitchen; for Mrs. May said she "wasn't so strong as she used ter be, and she needed somethin' more'n a gel;" and then they sent fifteen-years'-old Miss Hetty away to boarding-school. In two years' time she finished her education. I use this term advisedly, for Hetty was not one of those to whom life is a continual schoolmaster. She would remain, mentally, very much as those two years left her. In them she had learned to paint flowers, and work worsted, and embroider collars and cuffs. This, besides acquiring a certain amount of taste in dress, was about all. She had recited lessons, to be sure, in botany and history, and some of the ologies, but they had passed into one of her pretty pink ears and out at the other, and left her the same empty-headed little Hetty after all.

But her parents saw no lack. To them, at least, she was

> "Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls."

And not to them only. Every unmarried man in Danbury was in love with her. Phil Rawson, the clerk in the dry-goods store, always grew sentimental when she bought a calico dress of him; and when the purchase was a pair of boots, and he was permitted to try them on, his emotions transcended expression, and his expressions transcended description. Mr. Nichols, the singing-master, thought her voice the divinest music in the world, though she always sharped a little, and quite often sang out of tune. Tom Mansfield, who owned his own farm and drove a stylish pair of horses, wanted nothing so much as to see her mistress of all; and, indeed, Tom was a good fellow, and she might have done very much worse. Sam Reeves, also, worshiped her from afar, with silent devotion; as indeed he ought, for he was the village blacksmith, and there was an aristocracy even in Danbury.

No wonder Hetty's pretty, foolish, little golden head was almost turned. If the little heart had not been tender and loyal, in spite of its lightness and vanity, she would have been unendurable. As it was, somehow, every one loved her, even the rest of the girls in the village, though she charmed their lovers away, and had so many beaux to her string that she amused herself by counting them, as she might have counted the beads on her rosary, if she had been a devout little Romanist, caring no more for one of them than another. Her parents were in no hurry, either, to have her make her choice. She was but young, as they often said to each other, and it did them good to see her round. She didn't do much, to be sure, but somehow the house would be a different place without her pretty face, her bits of worsted work here, her vases there, with a sprig of honey-suckle in one, a bunch of violets in another. Sage matrons grumbled and gossiped about the idle ways in which "Miss May" let her daughter go on; but for my part, considering that the Deacon had money enough, and was quite able to afford the indulgence of something pleasant just to look at, I really think the aforesaid pink and white prettiness of Hetty's was worth more to him than any thing she could have done with her hands. Do we complain of a rosebush because it does not bear gooseberries, or a lily because it is not a pumpkin vine?

Just at this juncture a new minister was settled in Danbury. He was a single man, and therefore, as was but natural, he came to the Deacon's to board. Hetty had never seen quite the like of this Reverend Walter Calthorpe. He was not at all after the Danbury pattern. She saw him first at supper in her father's house; for she had not been well, and so had missed being at church when he preached his trial sermon. She had a little vague dread of ministers—an association of dullness and stiffness and severity. Perhaps it was with the intention of disarming this one that she made a ravishing toilet before she appeared in his presence; and came down, sylph-like and bewitching, in the daintiest of delicate muslins, with ribbons as blue as her eyes at her throat and in her bright hair. Her cheeks crimsoned with blushes beneath Mr. Calthorpe's admiring gaze, and he thought he had never seen any thing so pretty in his life.

It was the first of May when the new minister came, and his acquaintance with Hetty progressed rapidly. It grew with the flowers, and blossomed with the roses; or, at least, by the time the Reverend Walter had put the first one in her hair he thought himself very deeply in love with her indeed. He probably would have told her so if he had not been a minister; but he had a sort of creed that ministers must be above the hasty impulses of ordinary humanity; and he said to himself that it behooved him to wait until he had considered the matter a little more thoroughly. I do not know, however, how long this resolution would have been likely to hold out if another actor had not appeared upon the scene of affairs.

About the middle of June Deacon May received a letter from Mrs. Vandervere, his only sister. She had married quite out of the Deacon's sphere. She seldom came to Danbury, and had not even written to him for nearly two years. This letter, therefore, was something of an event. The Deacon brought it home from the post-office unopened, and did not take it from his pocket until supper was over, and Hetty and Mr. Calthorpe had wandered into the porch, as usual, and sat there enjoying the balmy beauty and stillness of the summer night. Then the good man drew his chair close to his wife and the lamp, put on his spectacles, carefully broke the seal of his sister's epistle, and read it aloud. It contained a request that they would receive, for July and August, her youngest daughter. Violet, she said, was not well—a little tired with the past winter, in which she had been out a great deal—and wanted to go into the country to recruit, and thought she could not be so happy any where else as with her nearest relatives. Violet Vandervere would have smiled, at least, over that passage in her mother's letter. It was certainly an embellishment, but then Mrs. Vandervere was given to embellishments of all kinds. Good Mistress May listened with some discomposure as her husband read. At last she said, rather ruefully,

"I s'pose there ain't no way but ter let her come?"

"Why *should* there be any other way?" the Deacon asked, with surprise in his tone. "'Tain't like you, Huldy, not to hev a welcome ready for enny of my friends."

"'Tain't that, you know it ain't, Abijah. I was only thinkin' about the minister."

"Wa'al, he won't interfere. We've got more rooms than one in the house. She needn't disturb him."

"No," with a doubtful pause; "but you see I do think he's beginnin' to like our Hetty, and seems ter me she's just fit for him. There ain't nobody else in Danbury that she *is* fit for, any way."

If one thing vexed Deacon May's righteous soul more than another it was the slightest approach to match-making. It was almost enough to make him cross, even to his wife; but he was determined to bring out her idea more fully. So he only uttered, after the manner of a true Yankee, an interrogative—

"Wa'al?"

"Wa'al, I've heerd that Violet Vandervere is a regular high-flier, and mighty hansum to boot."

"All the more reason she should come here, then," the Deacon said, with Jove-like solemnity, and a scowl in his forehead which his wife understood. "If the minister can't like Hetty with Violet Vandervere beside her, *I* don't want him to like her at all. If he has enny notion o' Hetty, I look on it as a kind o' special providence that t'other one's comin' jest now. For my part I ain't in enny hurry to lose my one gel."

Mrs. May knew that there was nothing more to be said; so, like a woman both meek and wise, she held her peace while her husband answered his sister's letter.

Just as he was finishing it Hetty—out on the porch looking at the moon with Mr. Calthorpe—was saying:

"It's curious how different you are from all the other ministers that I ever saw."

"And it's stranger still how different you are from all the other girls that *I* ever saw," the minister answered, with a trace both of gallantry and of tenderness in his manner.

He might have said something yet more particular if the Deacon, being through with his letter, had not fancied it to be bedtime, and appeared in the doorway as a hint that he was ready for family prayers.

Two weeks after that Miss Vandervere came. Mr. Calthorpe saw from his study window a tall, graceful figure, clad in gray, get out of the stage-coach; but the face was so wrapped in blue veil that he could catch no glimpse of it, and he went back to his sermon with a feeling of half vexation that he should not have Hetty to himself any more. Habit is so much; and he had got quite used to enjoying her pretty, coaxing ways, and depending on her for his entertainment.

It was at tea that Miss Vandervere first dawned on him, as Hetty had done before—a very different dawning this, however—one of Church's tropic scenes, full of mysterious splendors, after one of Bellows's cool, spring landscapes. Some people said Miss Vandervere had been called violet in a spirit of prophecy. I do not agree with them. Nothing could be more unlike than was this stately, radiant Violet to her simple namesakes of the woodland, in all except the one item of the color of her eyes. *They* were a deep, dark, purplish blue—just violet. She *wore* the same color, too, as if she meant to make her name seem symbolical, and always there hung about her a faint breath of that sweetest of sweet odors which every one knows who has ever held in his hand a bunch of freshly-gathered English violets.

She did not say much this first night—she impressed rather by silence than by speech, by manner than by demonstration. But Reverend Walter Calthorpe caught himself watching the languid grace of her motions; listening eagerly for her few words—merely the necessary answers to the compliments of the table, and the inquiries made about her journey—as, with all the impression he thought Hetty had made upon him, he had certainly never watched and listened to her.

"I did not know there *were* such women in the world," he said to himself that night.

"I fancy I can get through the two months." This was Miss Vandervere's thought after Hetty had left her alone. "This country parson will do excellently to keep me in practice. I guess he and Hetty have been imagining themselves in love, and it would be too bad to take him away from her, especially since I don't want him myself, only that I know they would make each other utterly miserable. When he got satisfied with looking at her pretty face, and expected to find a companion in her, he would see his mistake, and she would break her heart with trying in vain to come up to his standard. So I shall do them a good turn by breaking it all up, if there is any thing to break."

Satisfied in her own mind, by this reasoning, of the complete rectitude and harmlessness of her intentions, she slept the sleep of the just. Nor was she far wrong in her estimates—the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

After breakfast the next morning Mr. Calthorpe tried to go back to his unfinished sermon, but somehow it was hard work—yesterday's zeal and inspiration seemed to have left him. He heard Hetty laughing and talking gayly below, and now and then another voice, not Hetty's, but one which, low as it was, stole very clearly to his ear. He could not descant to his own satisfaction upon predestination. Was *he* predestined to fall in love, he asked himself, and then was unutterably shocked at the irreverence of his own thoughts. He got up, unlocked a box, and looked over the two years' sermons he had preached at his other parish. Hitherto, ever since he came to Danbury, he had preached a new sermon every Sunday. Hetty's fascinations had been of the mild kind, and had never interfered with his regular duties. Milk and water he called her now in his thoughts; and then he wondered if the other were not more like the potent draught which the Easterns call bhang—was she going to intoxicate him against his will?

The fresh air would do him good, maybe. At any rate why shouldn't he give himself a summer vacation, since his parish had made no such generous arrangement? He might preach old sermons for the next two months, and no one would be any the wiser. Without doubt the old ones would be a great deal better, and do more good, than any he could write now, with those summer heats oppressing him. So he went down stairs, and there the two girls were in the entry. Of course that was why he had heard their voices so plainly—no wonder he couldn't write.

"Are you afraid of rattlesnakes, Mr. Calthorpe?" Miss Vandervere asked, as she got up from the lower stair to let him pass.

For a moment, as he met her glittering, dangerous eyes, with a strange, subtle ray in them, he wondered if she were talking in metaphor; but she quietly explained herself.

"Because I wanted to climb Blue Hill—it looks so lovely in the distance—and Hetty is afraid. She says a man went there once and saw a rattlesnake, and she was just telling me whether the man killed the snake or the snake ate the man—which was it, Hetty?"

"The man killed the snake," Hetty answered, simply, quite innocent of all comprehension of badinage; "but I believe the snake would have bitten him, only his boots were so thick—cowhide."

"Have *you* any cowhide boots, Mr. Calthorpe?" Miss Vandervere asked, looking so gravely into his face that he felt the corners of his mouth quivering in spite of himself with laughter.

"No, but I have a stout cane, and no fear of snakes before my eyes just now. Shall we go to Blue Hill?"

> "'My good blade carves the casques of men,
> My tough lance thrusteth sure,
> My strength is as the strength of ten,
> Because my heart is pure!'"

Miss Vandervere quoted; then she looked at him again, flashing a subtle, magnetic ray from under her long lashes. "Yes, Mr. Calthorpe, we will go to Blue Hill."

"And Hetty?" Mr. Calthorpe questioned, turning to her with a smile which brightened the girl's day, though she hardly knew it.

"*I* must keep far enough off from the snakes," she answered, laughingly. "I will go with you, though, to the meadow, and wait at the foot of the hill with my tatting till you come down."

"And *we* will climb the Hill Difficulty," said Miss Vandervere, her eyes kindling a little. "Come, Sir Knight!"

So little Hetty sat contentedly at the hill's foot, and Mr. Calthorpe went up into the clouds with Violet Vandervere. Into the clouds, indeed; and I think in the enchanted air his head grew dizzy, and he scarcely knew where he was. They stood on the summit of Blue Hill, and Miss Vandervere took off her hat and let the sunbeams glitter in her bronze hair and the winds toss it. Her great eyes kindled with a sort of inspiration; for—and herein, I think, was the secret of her power—underneath all the coquetry and recklessness of her moods lay an inborn, passionate worship of the beautiful and the true. Mr. Calthorpe *felt* this in her—understood it without any words. He would never have cared to stand on the hill-top with Hetty, but it was a revelation to stand there with Miss Vandervere. It seemed that earth and air and sky had new meanings; and yet he looked at none of them so earnestly as at her eyes, with the great waves of light flooding them like the sea, her parted, tremulous lips, the color coming and going in her cheek.

"Let us go," she said at last. "One does not care to feel like this too long."

So they went down to Hetty and her tatting. Could Walter Calthorpe help it if he felt that it was going down in more senses than one?

My story is almost too simple to tell; and yet it must be worth something for its truth. There was not even the excitement of rivalry. Very soon Mr. Calthorpe ceased to think of Hetty at all. Violet Vandervere dazzled her out of sight—just as when the sun shines you can see no star in all the heavens. She talked, she sang, she walked, she sat still, she was silent—each phase, glorified by some mysterious grace, seemed more bewildering than the other. It was well that he had those two years of old sermons to fall back upon, for I do not think he could have written one that summer. Miss Vandervere was not hypocritical. She really liked him—liked to talk to him, and read to him, and sing with him; and all the while he did not *ask* her to love him. He was waiting—afraid, perhaps, to try his fate.

Hetty saw it all, understood it all, but her heart did not break. She afforded me no chance to turn my unvarnished tale into a tragedy. She was not romantic. She would be a true wife and tender mother by-and-by, doubtless; but she had not imagination enough to be in danger of any sentimental maladies. Her mother watched her with silent solicitude; but when she saw that she relished her meals as well as ever—showing, as usual, a decided preference for dainties—and that she came down in the morning looking cool and fresh, as if she had risen from untroubled slumbers, good Mrs. May ceased to alarm herself.

The bright July passed, and "all the hay was down." August followed with its sultry splendors; and it was the last day of summer—Violet Vandervere's last day in Danbury also.

She spent the afternoon in the parlor with Mr. Calthorpe. Hetty had offered to pack up for her, for somehow all the household had fallen into the way of doing her service. So she sat and read a little, talked a little, sang a snatch or two now and then, in that voice whose siren sweetness would haunt the Reverend Walter for many a day. Overhead, moving to and fro, they heard Hetty's light, quick steps. They were quite alone He looked at her with a vague wonder whether he should ever sit beside her thus again. She was dressed in violet, as he had seen her first. Some slight shade—was it because they were to part—veiled the brightness of her dangerous beauty. She had never looked so sweet, so tender. *Did* she love him? He could hear his own heart beat. He moved a little nearer to her, and asked her suddenly, in so many words—

"Do you, *could* you love me, Miss Vandervere?"

There was, after all, a curious honesty in the girl. Bring her straight to the point, and she never deceived you. She returned his look for a silent moment. He was good and chivalrous; he had more tastes like her own than any man she had ever met; he had made her short summer happy; but there must be winters as well as summers. She never could love him well enough to share the life he had marked out for himself, and she had too much conscience, in spite of her coquetries, to try to wean him from it. A trace of sadness darkened her eyes and trembled in her voice as she answered him.

"As *you* mean love, no; I never could. I don't think I could ever care enough for any one to marry for love alone—and yet I do like you, so very much. You have made for me such a pleasant summer."

"A pleasant summer!" Was that, then, all it meant to her? He wished he had only kissed her just once before he asked her that question. No matter if she had been angry, it would have been a memory to keep for all his life. And now she would be nothing to him any more. What was life worth? She seemed to read his thoughts. She said, with a strange, sad gentleness:

"It is best as it is, Mr. Calthorpe—believe it. If I had loved you with all my heart I should only have hindered you in your work. I am not good enough to be your wife."

Then she gave him her hand, and he *did* kiss that—held it for one wild, swift moment, trembling with his own emotion. Then she drew it away, and went up stairs to Hetty.

The next Sunday the Reverend Mr. Calthorpe preached a sermon from the text, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." In it the anguish through which he had passed found its sole utterance to human ears. At the power of his words all the congregation wondered—only Hetty comprehended its source, and pitied him with a gentle pity.

Pity him also—but gently. It was a lesson that would not be lost; and yet he did not have to pay for it too dear a price. His fancy had been touched by pretty Hetty. Miss Vandervere had gone deeper, and captivated his imagination, roused all the romance and poetry of his nature. But the strong, full love of his manhood—a love which must satisfy soul as well as sense—will awake some day, and find its own queen. Her kingdom will not be the less worthy because once a usurper reigned over it in a summer holiday.

Tom Mansfield began, after the grain harvest was finished, to come and take Hetty to drive behind his splendid horses. She learned soon that she could satisfy *him*, without effort, and entirely. Her nature was fine enough, poetical enough, romantic enough—just right, in short, for this lover. She found it a very pleasant thing to receive absolute worship; and before the autumn leaves had fallen she came to the conclusion that, grand as it might have been to marry the minister, it would be a good deal more comfortable to marry Tom; so all the wounds in her kind little heart were healed without so much as a scar.

I think Miss Vandervere was, perhaps, the most to be pitied of the three. She had, after all, a nature which fashion and frivolity would never quite satisfy; and I think there will come now and then, all through her life, lonely hours when she will remember Danbury, and a true heart she held once in her hand.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

NOTHING could be more perfect than the drive to Hiccory Corner, with such double pleasure at the end of it. The day was as fine as possible, the roads fast getting into good spring order, and the horses trotted along admirably, their bright harness sparkling in the sun. Even the dark face of Hannibal on the box shone with satisfaction, and the three children were in a bounding state of delight. Lily, to be sure, was most entranced with the thought of spending a day with Maria Jarvis; while Prim's whole heart was in her watering-pot; and Clover, as usual, brought business and pleasure into a very happy combination. She even found time (which the two others scarce did) to notice the dainty fringes of green grass that began to show themselves here and there, and to see the bluebirds, and the rich tint of the uncovered earth, and the last patch of snow lingering on the hills—thinking between-whiles very earnestly of the proposed work at the tinman's, and of great possible advantage from the floral instructions of Maria Jarvis. Sam was of the party, to see the children safe to Chestnut Hill; but on the express understanding that he was in no way to interfere with their purchases at Hiccory Corner.

"It's so delightful to do it all ourselves!" said Lily. "You know, Sam, you are not even to advise us."

"Not I!" said Sam. "I have no such stock of good advice on hand that I can afford to waste it. I shall take myself off to the shoemaker's the minute I have set you down among the pint-cups!"

"Does the tinman have pint-cups too?" said Primrose.

"Pint-cups, and quart-cups, and all sorts of things. So if you change your mind, and want a nutmeg-grater instead of a watering-pot, you can have it!"

"I guess *I* sha'n't!" said Primrose, with one of her gladsome laughs. "But, oh! Sam, would you get a blue watering-pot—or a pink one?"

"Upon my word," replied Sam, doing his best to keep a grave face, "I don't know. It's a wonderfully puzzling question. I think, just for the novelty of the thing, I should choose a pink one—if I could find it! Unless, indeed, I should be fortunate enough to discover one of a delicate sky-blue!"

"Now, Sam, you are advising," said Lily.

"Truly I am not," honestly replied Sam. "As far from it as possible."

"Yes, blue would be beautiful!" said little Primrose, with such a grave, contemplative air that her brother laughed outright; and stooping down to kiss her, bade Hannibal drive to the tinman's just as fast as he could go.

"'Fraid little Missy won't find 'em *there*," said Hannibal, touching up his horses. "Missy can try—but tink de oder place best."

"What other place?" said Lily.

"De green-house, Miss Lily—old Scipio's green-house. Every body at Hiccory Corner know old Scip. But here's de tin-shop; mebbe little Missy find all she want here."

Not *all* she wanted. To do that one must needs go about the world with far more moderate visions than those of pink and sky-blue watering-pots. Red ones, indeed, the tinman had—a dark brick red—and others of a dull lead color; but Prim turned away from both in great disgust.

"Let's go to the other place," she whispered to Sam, who, forgetting all about the shoemaker's, stood silently looking on. "*These* won't do at all."

"But wait one minute, please," said Clover, examining the tinman's shelves with her eyes. "Will you let me see that one with the *very* long spout, Sir?"

"This 'ere long-nosed feller?" said the tinman, handing it down. "Well, I guess you might as well take it; nobody else don't seem to. 'Tain't of a kind nobody wants."

"Why, Clover, what *would* you do with such a looking thing?" cried Lily.

Clover took the queer watering-pot in her hand and surveyed it. It was not very large, just a nice size, the pot itself; but the nose, or spout, was as long as three or four common ones put together; stretching itself out into the air, for no imaginable purpose but to see the world and be in the way. And as if that were not enough, just at the end, close by the rose, the long spout took a sudden sharp bend quite at right angles with the rest of its course; as if having set out to see the sky, it had suddenly resolved to study the earth first. There was so much spout, altogether, that as Clover held the pot in her hand it weighed quite down, and touched the floor.

"Sam, it wouldn't do that if it was full of water, would it?" said Clover, looking up at him.

"No, then the pot itself would be heavy, and so balance the nose."

"Wouldn't it be convenient for watering distant plants, so that one needn't step on the beds?" said Clover, with her face of grave consideration.

"Couldn't say whether 'twould or not," said the man. "That's what it's made for; and it's a first-rate article."

"I think I'll take it," said Clover.

"That lead-colored thing!" said Lily, "with its long nose." And just look how fine the holes are in the end. Why, it would take the water a week to come out."

"Those fine holes are excellent," said Sam; "they can hardly be too fine!"

"Well, I don't think so," said Lily. "*I* don't want to be all day watering one plant. And the nose is all bent too."

"That's a purpose," said the tinman. "Saves water. When 'tain't bent you just go pourin' it round between things."

"Prim, I see a blue one off there in the corner," said Lily. "How would you like that?"

"'Tain't hardly a blue," said the tinman, bringing it forward; "leastways not a sky color. And 'tain't much of a pot neither. Spout's too big and holes too coarse."

"Now I like that," said Lily, handling the blue watering-pot; the color of which was indeed rather dark and heavy for the hue of truth. "The water'll come out all the quicker, and then one would get done. I guess I'll have this. It's the nicest we've seen."

"One likes a gentle shower, and t'other a pourin' rain," said the tinman, nodding at the two children. "Suit yourselves, and that'll suit me."

Sam paid for the watering-pots in silence; and as he stood waiting for the change, little Prim's hand crept softly into his.

"Sam," she whispered, "do you think that'll be the *only* blue one?"

Sam lifted her up in his arms and bore her away to the carriage.

"This is not a very pretty blue, Prim," he whispered, in return. "And if yours isn't blue—and you want it blue—I'll paint it blue myself!"

And away they drove in triumph to old Scip's, the long nose of Clover's watering-pot making constant endeavors to break through the brown paper and carry out its search after knowledge.

"To go visiting with such a thing in the carriage!" said Lily; "what will Maria Jarvis think!"

"I don't know," said Clover, merrily; "but I dare say she'll tell me!"

Which was as near being a severe speech as often came from the gentle lips of Clover.

"And you're all suited but me!" said Primrose, her eyes beaming with thoughts of the pleasure to come, as they drew up before the little house that was half a green-house as well.

"All suited but you," said her brother, lifting her down; "so you can march in and ask for what you like."

"I think we won't get out," said Lily; "please don't, Clover! It takes so much time." And Clover yielded her own "please!" to Lily's without a word.

Primrose waited no urging, but walked straight up to the door and knocked, and became at once forgetful of all sublimary concerns. This was not the house-door with its brass knockers, but the sash-door of the green-house, through which green leaves and plants beckoned her lovingly. And as the door did not fly open with the sudden speed of Ali Baba's famous entrance, Prim began to gaze up at the leaves in turn, and at once, as I have said, lost remembrance of every thing else in the pretty sight. Soft geranium-leaves, and the tall white flowers of a Calla and brilliant red blossoms of some other plant, were fairly entrancing; and Prim looked and looked, nor even heard Lily call to her to make haste. Then presently the sash-door stirred and opened, and Prim saw instead of the geranium-leaves the figure of a little gray-headed black man—very black, and the hair very gray, but every dark wrinkle on the old face full of gentle pleasure. He bowed low to Sam, standing behind the child; but then all his attention came back to her.

"Little lady," he said, "come to see old Scip? What de little lady like to have? Jes' come right in and see."

And in Prim went, and the old man shut the door and limped slowly along his green-house walk past the beautiful flowers.

"Dere," he said, with a sweeping gesture of his hand, and turning round once more to Primrose, "little lady only say what she like, dat's all."

"Please, Sir," said Primrose, gravely, "have you got any watering-pots? Hannibal said so. And I can't find one."

"Little lady can't find a watering-pot?" said old Scipio, with a broad smile. "Guess she can here—don't know, but see." And once more he limped off and opened a door into a sort of outer room, where he kept his empty flower-pots, and then began to rummage behind this thing and under that, bringing forth every now and then some fresh tin specimen for Prim to see.

"How dis do now? little lady want it for de wash'woman, to sprinkle de clothes, hey?"

"Oh no!" said Primrose, "we've got one for that. It's for myself."

"Little lady gwine to have a garden?" inquired the old man.

"Yes, Sir," said Primrose, lifting the last specimen with great difficulty, "and I'm afraid this is too large. I'm going to have a garden, and a great many flowers."

"Little lady want to water de flowers all herself?" said the old man, with one of his gentle smiles.

"Oh yes! all myself," said Primrose, "won't it be lovely? And you see, Sir, I can hardly lift this."

"Little white blossom!" said old Scipio to himself as he moved away, "ain't got noting small enough for de child, no how! Guess I'll jes' give her Tidy's. Make anoder chile happy, dat's all—better so den rust." And with a smothered sigh he opened a cupboard in the wall, and brought out to view the very smallest and prettiest little watering-pot that Primrose had ever seen, even in her dreams—a little fairy concern, that would hold about a pint of water; and, of all things in the world, it was painted pink on the inside, but without was a bright green.

Primrose was in a state of rapture, hugging the watering-pot up in her arms, and exclaiming in her soft way, and looking up at old Scipio with eyes too full of joy to see the drops that shone in his.

"Dere—dere!" he muttered to himself, turning hastily away, "she wid de Lord—what need to cry 'bout dat?"

Prim did not hear the words, but her heart felt something of the tone, and she was grave in a minute.

"Can you spare it, Sir?" she said. "Have you got any more like it?"

"Yes, yes, dear! I'll spare it; no, dere ain't one like it in all de world. I'll spare it for de little white blossom. Never thought I could before. Better so den rust," he repeated, softly.

Prim held out her hand to the old gardener, making her lowest courtesy, and thanking him with her face yet more than her words, and then ran away to the carriage to show her treasure, leaving Sam to finish the business. But it soon appeared that there was nothing for him to do.

"No, I couldn't; 'scuse me, Sir, but I *couldn't* take noting for dat ere watering-pot," said Scipio, "noting but de joy of seein' her once'n a while. *Couldn't* take money for Tidy's watering-pot. She jes' like my Tidy. Yes," repeated old Scipio, looking tenderly after the carriage from which Prim waved her little hand to him, "she *jes'* like Tidy! Both de souls white!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"ONLY once a year!" was a consoling thought to the unfortunate possessors of nerves on the late "Glorious Fourth," for about the hour of noon they found their patriotism waning. They began to long for some quiet nook where they might hear no more the ceaseless crack and bang of squibs and crackers, which for thirty-six hours had performed their mission with untiring vigor. But where was the spot within the city limits, or without, secure from torpedoes and pistols? The Central Park alone suggested itself, though a crowd was surging thither. To be sure the clouds, fancying it was a Saturday, began, as usual on that day, to gather round the appointed hour for music; but they suddenly recollected themselves, and withheld their favors for the nonce.

The eager throng drinking in the lively strains which heralded the flight of Professor Lowe's balloon was not so attractive as the picturesque groups that dotted the Mall and Terrace. Not the fashionable butterflies of a Saturday afternoon, but bronzed faces, gloveless hands, and sundry *et ceteras*, indicated the laboring classes, to whom it was a rare treat to luxuriate in the beautiful Park. If elegant toilets and punctilious etiquette were absent, genuine good-nature, intelligent appreciation, and natural grace were not wanting. The seats overflowed. The soft grass was a more enjoyable carpet than the richest tapestry to fathers, mothers, and children, who flung themselves upon it with an easy *abandon* which many a devotee of fashion might envy. The clouds served admirably instead of parasols; but while the band was playing some favorite national airs they grew ominously dark. And if there were some spotted ribbons and muddy skirts, every body was pretty good-natured—for "the Fourth of July don't come but once a year!"

To those who were crushed and jammed within an inch of their lives in the vain attempt to see the fire-works we would suggest a more excellent way—*for the next Fourth*. If you can—without jimmies or skeleton keys—obtain access to some house on high ground, in the upper part of the city, go to the third or fourth story, and seat yourself comfortably in an arm-chair by the open window. True, you can not see the most elaborate fire-works, but the whole scene is fine. The dark sky forms a splendid background, and from all sides spring up rockets piercing the heavens with their long, fiery trails, and bursting into brilliant globules, Roman candles with their various colors, and sundry luminous bodies of unknown names. Nobody's bonnet or baby is in your way; nobody is stepping on your cherished corn, or sticking elbows into your sides. The horizon is clear before you, and comets and meteors of earthly origin are dashing across the dark sky as if for your sole benefit. The *tout ensemble* is magnificent, and if you can not see every thing you can thoroughly enjoy what you do see.

The celebration of our great national day usually brings a train of accidents and calamities. This year it is rendered sadly memorable to the inhabitants of Portland, Maine, by the destruction of a large portion of their beautiful city. On the morning of the Fourth the Portland newspapers announced that "the display of fire-works to come off in the evening would be the most brilliant ever exhibited in Maine." Alas! too true. Even before the time announced for the exhibition a dense volume of lurid flame and black smoke was mounting heavenward, and spreading its remorseless arms, the raging element encircled thousands of buildings, devouring the beauty and pride of the city. And all this because a thoughtless boy threw a lighted fire-cracker among some shavings!

It seems passing strange that in a city like New York such reckless use of fire-arms should at any time be allowed. On the evening of the Fourth of July, as a gentleman was writing in his library, in the second story rear room of his house in Thirty-seventh Street, a musket-ball crashed through the half-open blinds and fell directly before him in the centre of the room. A Minié ball, fired from a small cannon by a boy, passed through the sill of a house and lodged in the back of a woman.

And there were numerous instances of a like nature, many resulting in death or shocking mutilation. Strict rules should be enforced, so that there may be a moderate degree of safety at home and in the streets.

Mons. Auguste Buislay, the skillful gymnast, made a balloon ascension from Elm Park on the afternoon of the Fourth notwithstanding the threatened shower. The balloon, after reaching a height of about 7000 feet, began to descend rapidly in consequence of the dampness of the atmosphere. The storm drove it over the surface of the Hudson River, and Mons. Buislay, having lost all control of his apparatus, and fearing the balloon would strike the water and entangle him in its meshes, he, when sixty feet in the air, sprang from the *trapeze*, on which he had been performing wonderful feats, cleaving the air like a rocket in his descent, and striking the water feet foremost disappeared beneath the surface. He was nearly exhausted, between flying and swimming, when he was rescued by a friendly boat.

The inhuman wretch who whipped his child to death in Orleans County has fled to Canada to save his life. After having given bail for the sum of $10,000 he returned home, but the indignation excited against him was so great that he feared to remain in the neighborhood and fled to Canada.

What has become of the inch-worms which usually hang gracefully pendent above our heads in June and July? Have they, like others, been frightened into the country through fear of the cholera? Certain it is, that from some cause or other we have, in great measure, escaped their very annoying presence this year. We sincerely hope they have migrated permanently, and that there will never more be occasion to walk in the middle of the street to avoid their webs, nor to see ladies' bonnets ornamented with the ugly creatures.

Not long since a young woman was walking in the streets of the city with her betrothed. They met an officer, as he was patrolling his beat. The officer noticed that they appeared to be engaged in a controversy, when suddenly the woman said to him, "Don't you want to arrest a thief?" Rather startled by such an unexpected question, the officer inquired what she meant, when she replied that if the gentleman with whom she was walking was arrested plenty of burglars' tools would be found upon him. And sure enough, on examination, about twenty skeleton keys were found in his possession. It seems that the affectionate young woman was jealous of another girl to whom her intended husband had paid some unnecessary attentions, and she thus revenged herself.

The following lines, translated from the Hungarian poet Petöfi, strike us as very beautiful and original:

O youth! thou art a whirlwind! Thou,
  In thy swift circling dance,
Droppest a flowery garland on our brow,
  Which shines in the sun's glance;
And suddenly there comes another gust,
  Which, with unfriendly breath,
  Carries away the wreath,
And leaves no trace upon the forehead-bust:
  We feel that forehead, cold and blank and bare,
  Inquiring, "Was the garland ever there!"

The Parisians amuse themselves by telling wonderful stories about the Americans. One is to the effect that, not satisfied with discarding linen around their throats, the inhabitants of the Great Republic now wear paper shirts and stockings to the intense disgust of the washerwomen. They also affirm that steel collars have taken the place of paper ones; but that the inventor of this last innovation, in stooping to enter a Broadway stage, cut his throat from ear to ear, and is not expected to recover!

There is also (according to Paris gossip) a wonderful Yankee machine so constructed that it immediately stops a speaker the moment he commences to tire his hearers. Quite a useful contrivance that must be!

A new method of inducing *indisposed* young men to attend church has been adopted in some sections of the country, as the following indicates: A nice young man, a little worldly-minded, walked to church once with a very pious young lady. Arrived at the church-door, worldly-minded young man declined entering. Whereupon, pious young lady seized his hat, and, placing it under her cloak, sailed into church, leaving the worldly-minded young man standing at the door minus his hat. The last heard of worldly-minded young man, he was seen wending his way down the church aisle as demurely as if nothing had happened.

A most curious and interesting point of law has recently furnished matter for trial in the French courts. A lady in good position in society had long been legally separated from her husband; but she resolved to improve the separation which the law had pronounced entire by making it eternal. Accordingly, she sent her husband in early spring, as from an unknown hand, a little basket containing all kinds of rare and delicate hot-house fruits; among others, seven superb strawberries. The husband, never thinking the gift came from his wife, devoured a part of the fruit, when he was suddenly taken violently ill. The residue of the strawberries being analyzed, was found to contain oil of creton tiglium. Accordingly the lady was arrested. The basket was proved to have been dispatched by her. She was duly tried, and, of course, acquitted of the charge of an attempt to murder. But the husband drags her once more before the tribunals, determined to have her condemned for something, and charges her with the administering of noxious drugs calculated to cause disease and danger. The lady having been already tried for the murder and acquitted, her advocate must now prove that she administered poison in sufficient quantity to cause death, or she will certainly be condemned for the serious offense above mentioned. Debates run high. A maximum is fixed, and it is declared that the administering of one gramme of oil of creton tiglium may constitute murder. It is estimated that the seven strawberries contained one gramme and forty centigrammes over. So the intent to murder being fully proved, the lady is acquitted, and goes on her way rejoicing.

ANDERSONVILLE RELICS.

WHATEVER relates to the Andersonville dead is not likely soon to become void of interest, at least not to the loyal North. That bit of history is just now especially suggestive when a certain school of politicians are trying to create sympathy for "the noble martyr" at Fortress Monroe. Any whining about the variety and delicacy of "the martyr's" food inevitably suggests the grim horrors of the slow starvation of the immortal twelve thousand, coolly planned and remorselessly carried out by those whom "the great martyr" controlled. If the sentinel's footfall so hurt a sensitive ear as Dr. CRAVEN suggests, it is a great pity and wonder so sensitive an organ could not have caught something of the unpitied groans of those thousands, tortured with deliberate intent forever to disable or slowly murder.

The nation, perhaps, ought not to act from the savage precedents of these same rebels toward Union men in their hands, or from the swift, terrible retribution of the English on the Sepoys, or, perhaps, to fall short of Mr. BEECHER's idea of magnanimity. But ought treason to be honored—ought it to be so much honored as to sanctify other horrible crimes done in its name and to carry out its designs?

If, as seems likely, we are about to give treason special impunity from the risks attending other crimes, can we quite afford to allow even treason to gloss over Andersonville, Salisbury, Libby, and Belle Isle?—We thought of such questions as we stood before the Andersonville Relics at the National Fair now going forward at Washington.

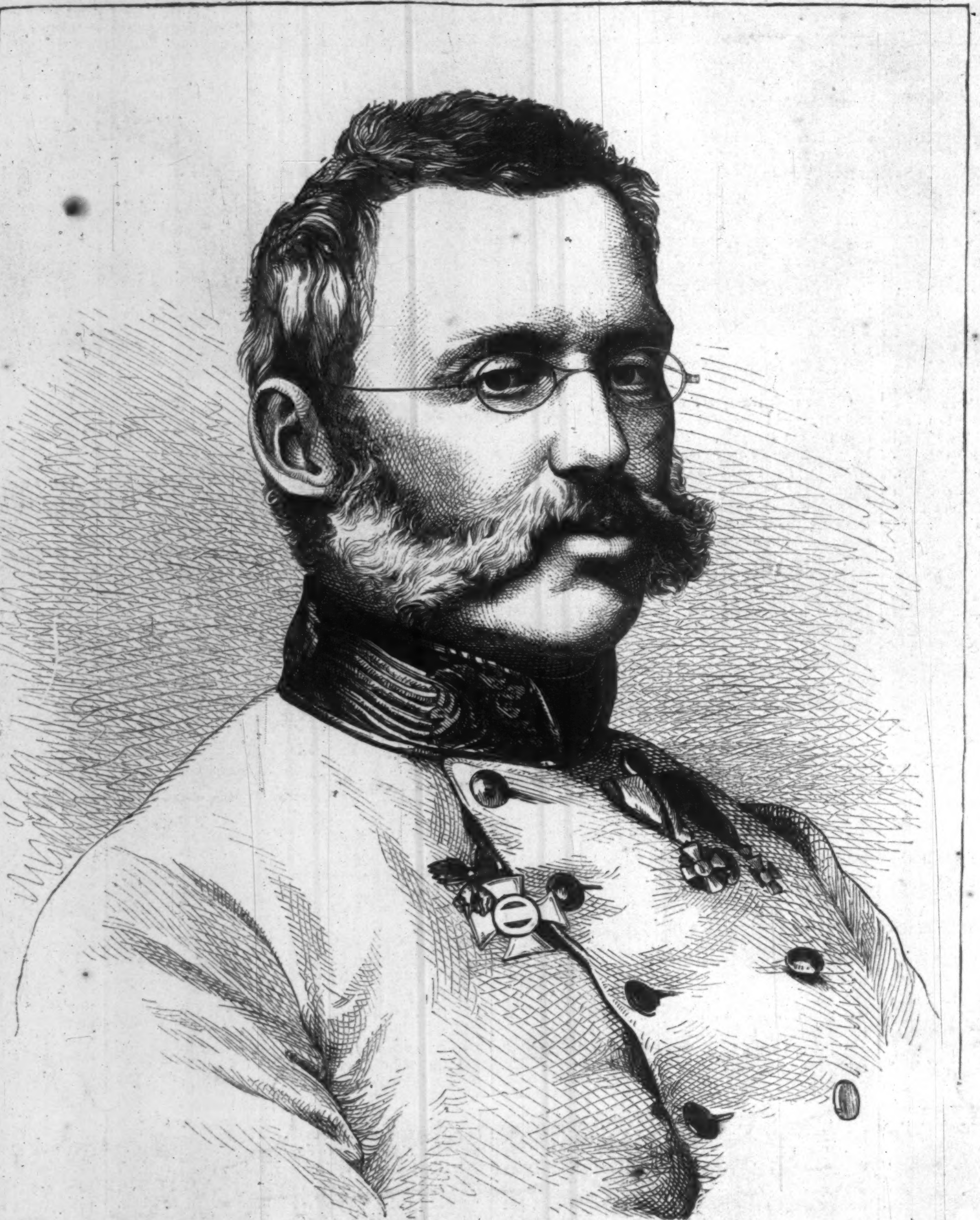
These Relics vividly suggest the extremity of suffering, the despair, the hoping against hope, the fertility of pitiful helplessness during those awful days. Andersonville is a word of horror to the civilized world to-day; but a sight of these poor mementoes, that suggest the facts as no words can do, will give definite form and substance to what before was in many cases vague. One needs to examine them slowly and in detail to get the full purport and significance of each implement and the use it was intended to subserve.

Here is a number of pig troughs in miniature, dug out of little blocks with some hard, dull implement, and made to hold soup or mush.—Here is a [illegible] of the "dead-line" [illegible] which was death. Here a bit of tin punched full of holes to sift the corn-cob meal a little. Near by is a bit of metal bent up for a spoon; the shell of a little turtle scooped out for an enviable soup bowl; pudding sticks and wooden spoons; a wooden mail box; a checker-board, and gourds and horns, and wattled flat basket-work for plates; water-buckets; soup bones, etc.

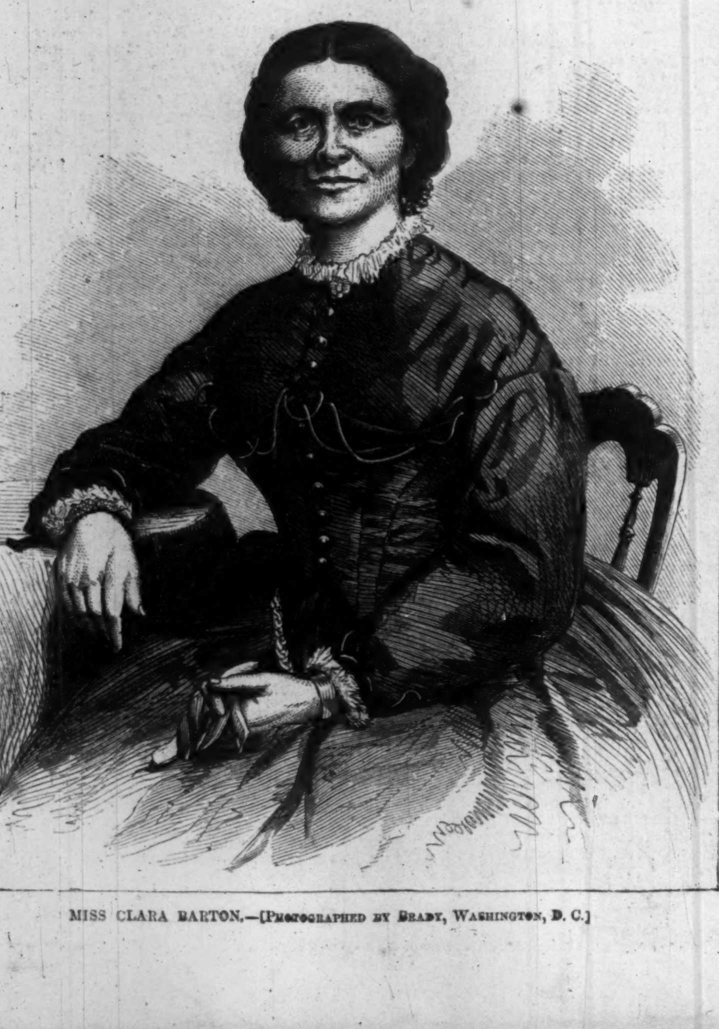
We could wish to see the culinary arrangements of "the martyr" at Fortress Monroe photographed by the side of these pitiful memorials of twelve thousand true Union men, dead victims of this man now imprisoned at the mouth of the Chesapeake.

The authenticity of these relics is placed beyond question by the source from which they come to this fair. To the forethought and care and rare good womanly sense, tenderness, and tireless activity of Miss CLARA BARTON the American people owe very much, as they will learn some day more fully. These relics were, of course, part of her care at Andersonville last summer when her expedition visited the stockade to mark the graves of the Union dead, and were collected by her then and there. She herself is near them in the Fair, and we would, if we dared, give the great American people, who so love and cherish her, a slight sketch of her appearance. It seems that as one is born with a gift for poetry, or music, or beautiful activity, so others seem born to be photographed. To this latter class our noble friend does not belong, at least we have seen no photograph that does her any justice. Sitting here this moment it *seems* as if we could, with a few words, make any one see her better than any photograph does. Crowning a firm, symmetrical figure, rather over than under medium size, are a large head and full face to which your attention is drawn by the *positive character* they betoken. A sweet smile that easily ripples into laughter lights up a face marked by rather prominent cheek-bones; she has large dark eyes that seem the smaller by not being prominent, and a mouth rather large and filled with fine teeth. Positive character—large capability, reticence, quiet, self-reliance, good health, and a tenderness that is at once womanly and strong—all specially manifest and all give assurance that she will do well and beautifully whatever she undertakes, and that she will readily undertake whatever needs to be done. The soldiers know and honor her most, for they recognize her as their efficient, persevering, and most unselfish friend.

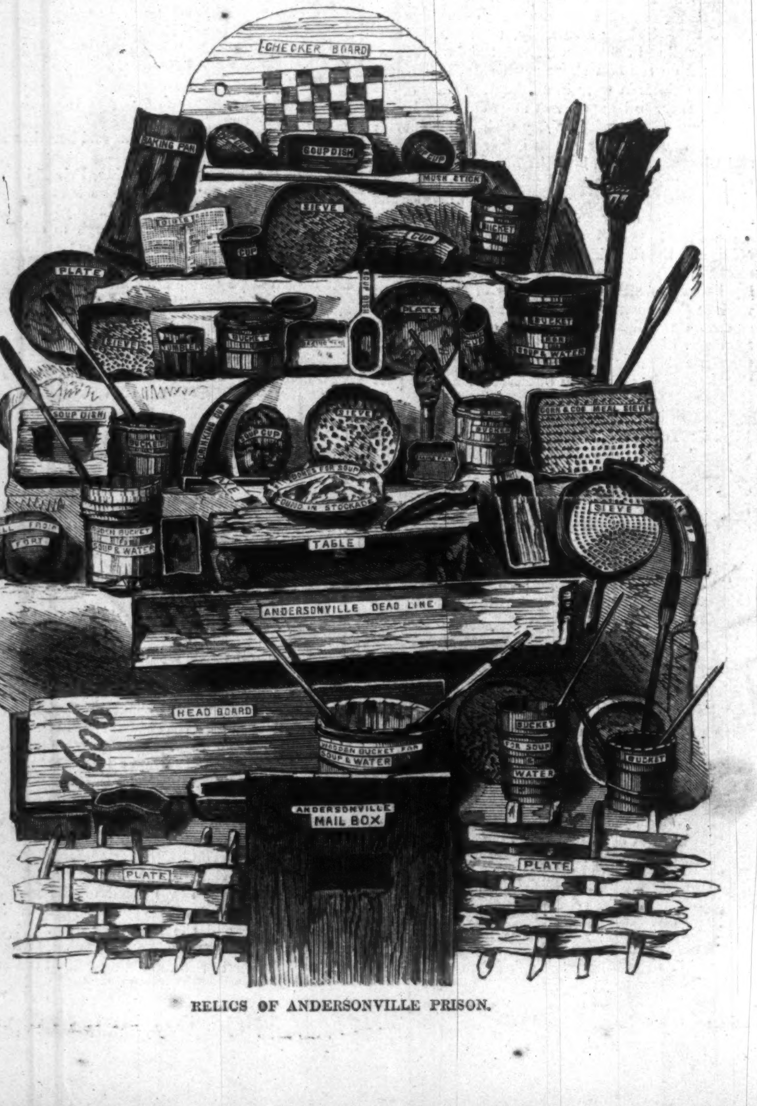
The Congress of the United States never have done a more



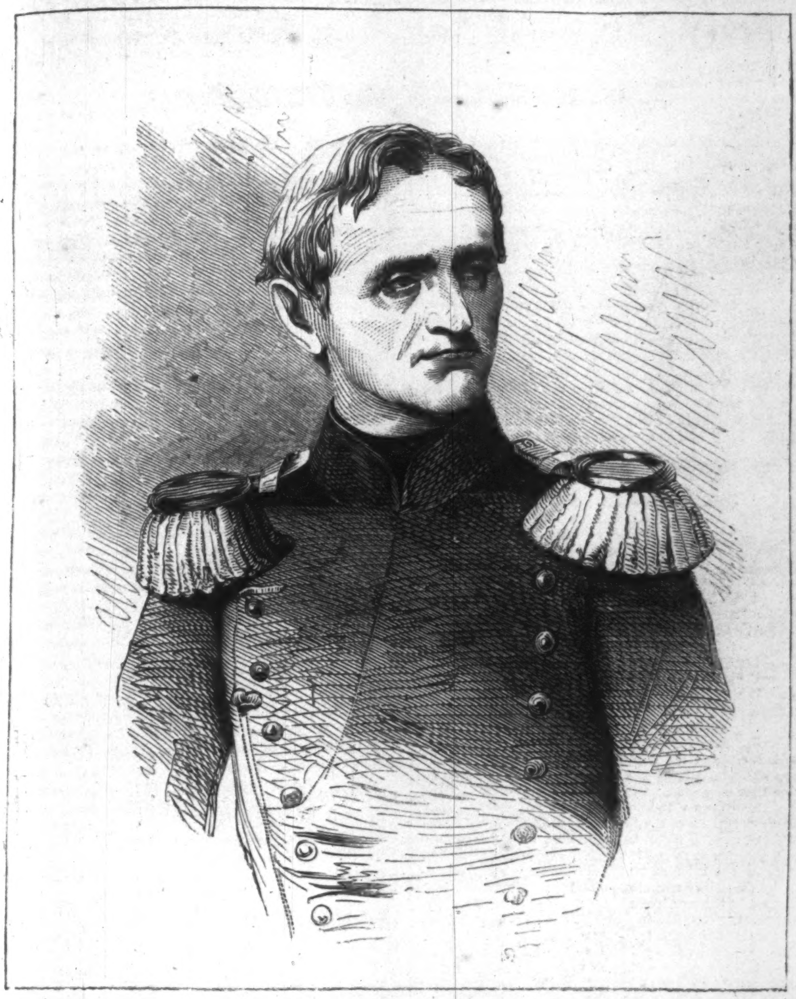
THE ARCHDUKE ALBERT, COMMANDER OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY IN ITALY.—[SEE PAGE 462.]

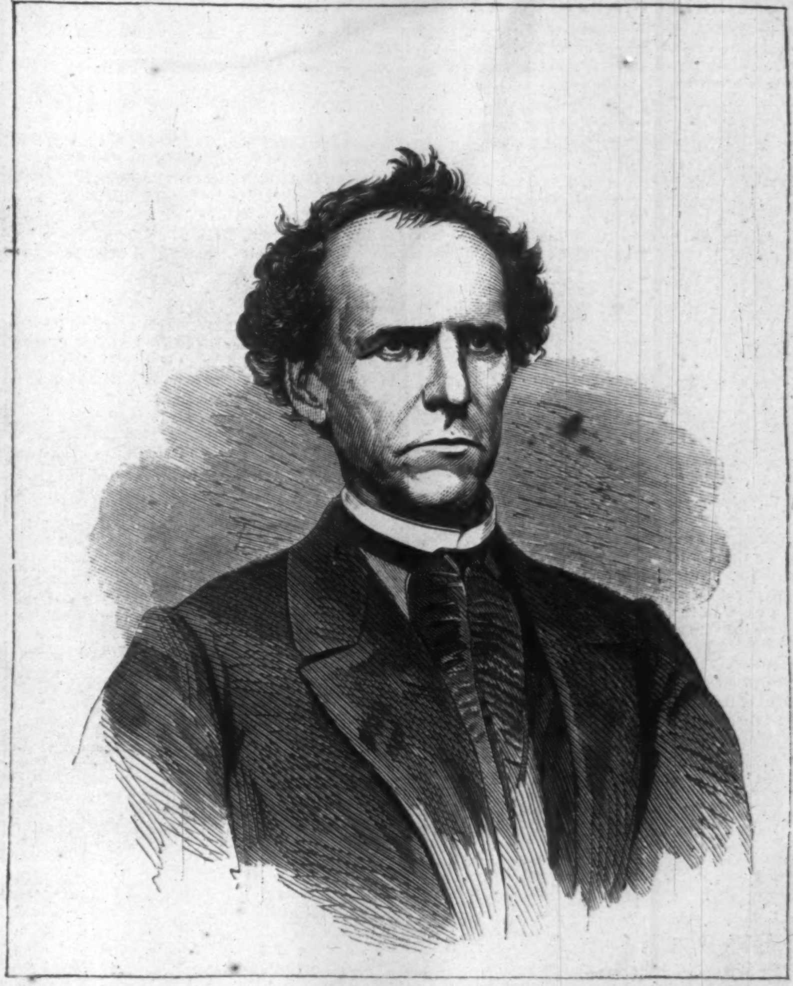


MISS CLARA BARTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



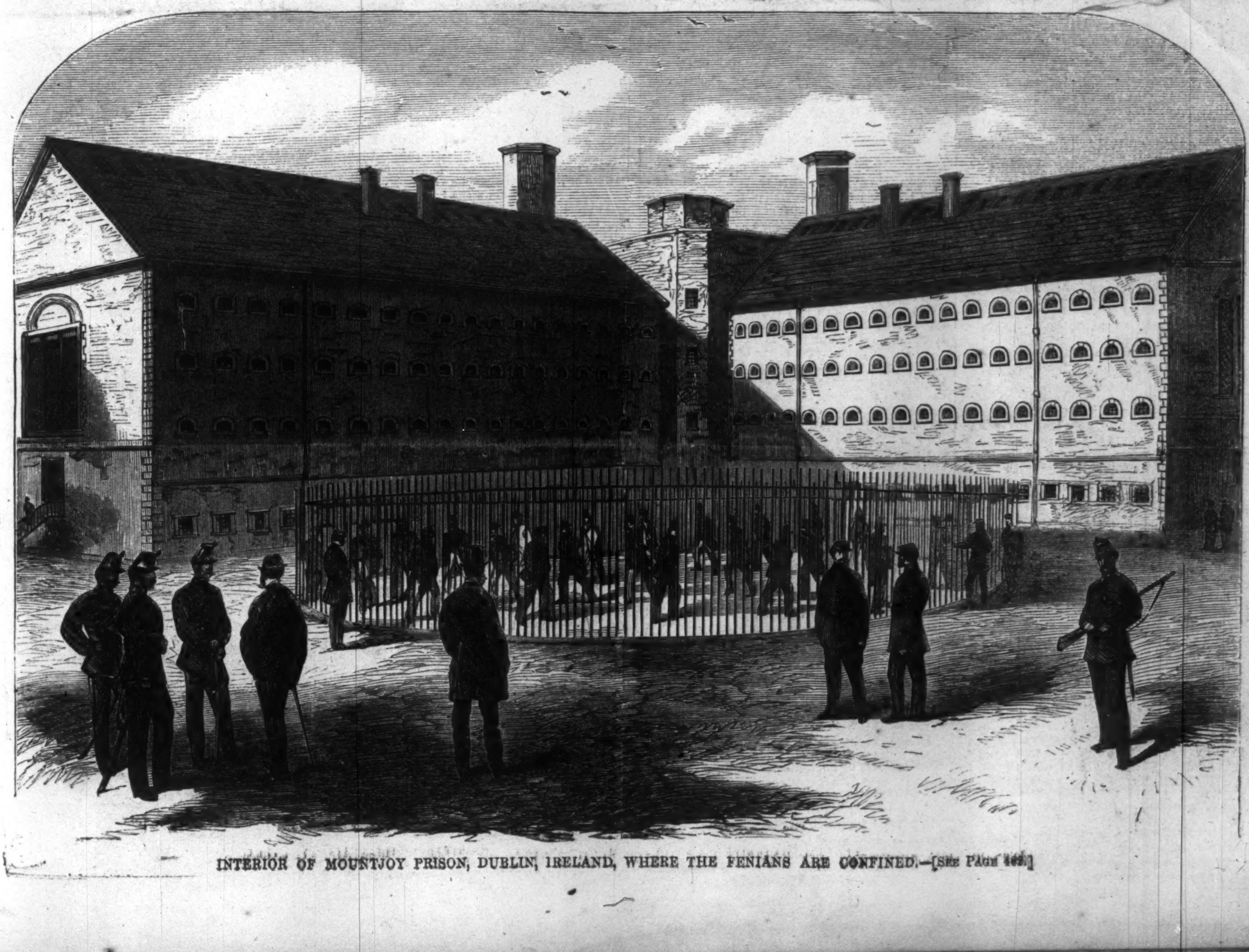
RELICS OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.


KING JOHN OF SAXONY.—[SEE PAGE 462.]


HON. JAMES H. LANE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 453.]

worthy, wise, or beneficent thing than when, unanimously and without one word of remonstrance or unfavorable comment from any source, that body granted her $15,000 to continue her present work of searching for the missing men of the army. In carrying out her beneficent plans of gathering up from surviving comrades the news of these men she had spent many thousands of dollars of her own funds. The number of these missing men is prodigious, and the work of searching for them has been very great; but the methodical, sagacious, and patient Miss BARTON has filled large ledgers with her laborious researches in which thousands in the nation are vitally interested.

One thing we must not forget to mention in connection with the Andersonville relics. It is the original copy of the death register at Andersonville, made by DORRENCE ATWATER of Perryville, Connecticut, when he was confined there as a prisoner of war. This copy contains over 12,000 names of those dead, and furnished the first authentic intelligence our Government received of their fate. The public are getting a little familiar with the story of his making this copy at great personal peril, and of his bringing it through the lines to the Government; of his being dealt with in a most miserable, captious spirit by certain subordinates of the War Department; of his trial by court-martial for *theft*, in keeping these rolls which he had made and with the property in which he had never parted; and, finally, of his being found guilty, and of his being sent to Auburn State Prison, and of his detention there at hard labor for about three months—forming, in its full particulars, a record of peculiar cruelty and hardship, to which the attention of Congress may be profitably turned before its adjournment. Justice, though late, can not be forever delayed, even though the victim be a young soldier and the real malefactors hold official positions in the War Department.


INTERIOR OF MOUNTJOY PRISON, DUBLIN, IRELAND, WHERE THE FENIANS ARE CONFINED.—[SEE PAGE 462.]

KING JOHN OF SAXONY.

WE give on page 461 a portrait of **KING JOHN OF SAXONY**, who, by reason of the Prussian invasion of his realm, is now an exile from his throne. He was born December 2, 1801, and was the son of King **MAXIMILIAN**, who died in 1838, and of Princess **CAROLINE** of Parma. At the age of twenty, entering upon the duties of a Minister of Finance, he was President of the Council until 1831, when he retired to take a military command. As a member of the Upper Chamber he took an important part in the debates in the Saxon Diet, especially during the discussion of the Constitution, in 1831. He is a distinguished scholar, and in 1824 became President of the Society of Antiquaries of Saxony. He has twice visited Italy, and has published, under the pseudonym of **PHILALETHES**, a German translation of **DANTE**'s Divina Commedia. He ascended the throne on the death of his brother, **FREDERIC AUGUSTUS**. He has three children—**FREDERIC AUGUSTUS ALBERT**, born in 1828; **MARIE ELISABETH**, born in 1830; and **FREDERIC AUGUSTUS GEORGE**, born in 1838.

CAGED FENIANS IN DUBLIN.

WE give on page 461 a view of the interior of Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, where the Fenian conspirators who were arrested, by way of precaution, under the Lord Lieutenant's warrant at the time of the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, are still kept in confinement. The railed inclosure, like an iron cage, in the centre of the yard, is the place where they are allowed to walk for exercise. They are obliged, even here, to keep at a certain distance from each other, and must not speak, but they contrive to make signs or talk on their fingers. A guard of two officers and thirty-six soldiers, besides the prison officials, is always on duty, so that the prisoners have no chance of breaking out by force. They are permitted to see their friends once a week, in the presence of two officials of the prison. The number of Fenians at present in Mountjoy Prison is 160, who will probably be discharged at the expiration of six months from the date of their arrest.

ARCHDUKE ALBERT.

ARCHDUKE ALBERT, whose portrait we give on page 460, has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army in Venetia. He has an army under him which numbers upward of 300,000 men—an army which bears the same relation to Italy which that under **BENEDEK** bears to Prussia, with, perhaps, this exception, that the former will, for the most part, maintain a defensive attitude. The Archduke has taken military possession of Verona, where he and his staff are directing the movements of the troops destined to defend the possessions of the "Tedesco" in Italy. This old town, so famous in story as to be classical, is one of the loveliest spots in Italy, and is celebrated no less for its magnificent public buildings than for the beauty of its environs, so that it is no unenviable place to be quartered in, and the Austrians may well object to be turned out of it. Sixty-three miles west from Venice, with which it is connected by railway, Verona is situated where the last slopes of the Alps merge into the plains of Lombardy on both sides of the Adige, which traverses the town in a rapid torrent, and is crossed by four noble bridges. The fortifications, constructed by **SANMICHELLI**, were of great strength until dismantled by the French after the Treaty of Luneville; but others have taken their places, and the town is surrounded by lofty walls flanked with towers and bastions, and is entered by five gates remarkable for solidity and beauty.

Archduke **ALBERT FREDERIC RUDOLPH**, the eldest son of Archduke **CHARLES** and the Princess **HENRIETTA** of Nassau, was born on the 3d of August, 1817. Like all his peers, he received a complete scientific and military education, and, entering the army at an early age, he advanced during years of peace, grade by grade, to the rank of a Major-General, and was at one time the commander of Upper and Lower Austria and Salzburg. He came into collision with a mob, which led to bloodshed. He gave orders to a portion of his infantry to disperse the crowd; the soldiers were attacked with clubs, and it is asserted by some and denied by others that he gave orders to his command to fire into the mob. At any rate, the affair became the occasion of so much ill-feeling that the Archduke resigned his command.

At a later period Archduke **ALBERT** joined the Italian army and accepted a division under **RADETZKY**, although he was entitled to a much higher rank. He fought with great distinction at Mortara, where he came at an opportune moment to **BENEDEK**'s relief, and prevented the latter from being surrounded; also at Novara, where his cool circumspection contributed materially to the glorious victory of the Imperial arms. After this latter battle **RADETZKY** recommended that the Archduke be made a Knight of the Order of Maria Theresa. In the course of the same year the Archduke was appointed Governor of Mentz, military commander in Bohemia, and a General of cavalry; and two years later he became Military Governor of Hungary. In this latter and most unenviable position he suited no party. The Magyars found fault with his strictness, and on the other hand he was blamed for want of promptness in suppressing the insurrectionary movement which, beginning in 1858, the next year grew into a formidable affair. In 1860 the Archduke retired from his Hungarian Governorship. In the mean while he had been engaged in diplomatic service at Berlin.

In the war of 1859 the Archduke took no part. He has lived since 1860 in Vienna, or in the castle of Weilburg at Baden. For two years he has been a Field-Marshal. In 1848 he married Princess **HILDEGARD**, daughter of **LOUIS**, the Bavarian king; but his wife died April 2, 1864, and grief on account of his loss has so altered the Archduke **ALBERT** that he looks like a man of more than forty-eight years of age.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN.

SCARCELY a week had elapsed after the declaration of war by the two allied Powers against Austria, when, on the 24th of June, the Italian army, under **VICTOR EMANUEL**, ventured upon a general battle with the Austrian army in Venetia. The battle was fought on Sunday. The movement of the Italians was bold in the extreme; but it was just what every body expected, and the result also has been just that which might have been certainly predicted as inevitable under the circumstances. The Italians suffered a terrible defeat.

The Italian army, divided into three corps and a reserve—making up a force of from 80,000 to 90,000 combatants—after crossing the Mincio at Goito and other points on Saturday afternoon, and sending reconnoitring parties toward Peschiera and Verona, encamped for the night at some place beyond Roverbella, equidistant from the two fortresses. On the ensuing morning an attempt was made upon those high positions of Sona, Somma Campagna, and Santa Giustina, which commands the fifteen miles' railway line joining the two strongholds, positions which played a conspicuous part in the campaign of 1848. The object of the Italians was evidently to take possession of the railway, so as to isolate Peschiera and secure a basis of operations against Verona.

The Austrians, however, who were massed in great force at Verona, sallied forth from the place at daybreak, and, anticipating the Italian movements, took up their position upon those hills, which are now every where bristling with bastions and redoubts, and may be looked upon as mere outworks of the two citadels, extending from the gates of one to those of the other. After a severe and bloody, or, as the Italians describe it, "desperate" struggle, which lasted nearly the whole day—that longest of summer days—the Imperial army was victorious along the whole line. They stormed the summit of Montevento, where the Italians held out the longest, and at the close of the engagement, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, they also carried the position of Custozza, a spot fatal to Italian arms in their encounter with **RADETZKY** in July, 1848. The victors captured several guns and about 2000 prisoners, and behaved, as the Archduke **ALBERT**'s bulletin assures us, and as we may readily believe, with even more than their ordinary bravery and endurance.

On the same evening the Italian army was obliged to recross the Mincio, where it took up a position behind Goito, at Volta, Cavriana, and Solferino, on Lombard ground. **CIALDINI** had not crossed the Po up to the latest accounts, and the intelligence of the disaster at Custozza will almost certainly induce him to abandon his projected advance into Venetia.

On the Alps, while the Austrians have secured possession of the Stelvio Pass, and come down upon Bormio, in the Valtellina, the Garibaldians have pushed forward from Brescia to the Bridge of Caffaro and Lodrone, on that mountain pass, whence two roads branch off to Trento, and Riva on the Lake of Garda. At Lodrone they have driven the Austrians from their positions, not without bloodshed. This Alpine warfare can, however, only be accessory to the movements of the main armies in the plain, and these must be for some time paralyzed by the heavy blow with which the inconsiderate haste of the Italians has been visited, and by the reluctance of Austria to act otherwise than on the defensive.

In the battle of Custozza the Italians had several of their Generals wounded, among others the King's second son, Prince **AMADEUS**, who has arrived at Brescia.

"An advance across the Mincio," says the London *Times*, "right into the heart of the Quadrilateral, is an enterprise which no other European army would, under such circumstances, have ventured upon, but a frenzy to do something seems to have possessed the whole Italian nation; and the men in command could think of nothing better than dashing their heads against those formidable stone-walls. There may be bravery in so desperate an attempt to take the bull by the horns; but we believe it would be impossible for the King or **LA MARMORA** to say what results they expected from their ill-conceived and worse-executed attempt. It was a battle in which they staked the very existence of their army, while their enemies in the worst event ran no other risk than that of a safe and leisurely retreat behind the shelter of their bastions. The least that may be said of it is, that, like the Balaklava charge, 'It is very magnificent, but it is not war.' Ever since 1848 and 1849 the Austrians have strained every nerve to strengthen those four citadels, and have extended their outworks so that the line between Peschiera and Verona especially is a vast intrenched camp. There is every probability, also, that the Italians were on this occasion outnumbered by their enemies; for the Austrians have from 200,000 to 250,000 men in Venetia, and as they had in their hands that most formidable of all engines of modern warfare, the railway, they had probably massed three-fourths at least of their troops in Verona, ready for the long-expected Italian inroad. The Archduke's bulletins, in fact, never speak of garrisons, but tell us that the 'Imperial army' was in the field. The King of Italy has fallen back behind the Mincio, where he is not likely to be pursued; but neither, perhaps, will the condition of his shattered army enable him to resume the offensive for some time to come. We have Austrian official assurance that **CIALDINI** crossed the Po at Polesella on the 23d. The tidings of the King's retreat, however, ought to disconcert all the plans of the commander of the Fourth Corps, as he would at Padua, or any where else on the line between Verona and Venice, fall in with forces with which his 60,000 men would be unable to contend. The Italian fleet, we learn from Florence, steamed from Taranto on the 23d; but if its destination be Venice, **PERSANO** is not likely to find any one to co-operate with him on the main land. The failure of the King on the Mincio will probably break down the whole enterprise."

The same journal indulges in the following comments on the situation:

"If there ever was a chance for diplomacy to step in with good effect between the ranks of the combatants it will be afforded now by this inevitable pause in military operations. The idea of an eventual, however remote and conditional, cession of Venetia has been entertained by the Emperor **FRANCIS JOSEPH**, and it has found an utterance in the moderate and dignified notes and manifestoes which have won so many partisans to the Austrian cause. Austria, we understood her to say, would not yield to threats; she would stand up in vindication of her rights; she would maintain the prestige of her military power. It was only after a battle and a victory that she could afford to be magnanimous. All this has come to pass much sooner than could be expected. Three days have barely elapsed since the declaration of hostilities, and Austria has already fought her battle and won her victory. Enough has been done to gratify her pride; enough to soften her heart toward those Italians whom she has found upon experience to be no contemptible enemies, and whom, she must be aware, it is always in her power to turn into very stanch and very valuable friends. By merely opening negotiations for the cession of Venetia, Austria would detach Italy from the Prussian alliance, and be enabled at once to move from south to north 200,000 of her best German troops, with an immense amount of *matériel*. All the successes achieved by Prussia in Northern Germany during the last week would be more than counterbalanced by this sudden and enormous accession of strength to her already powerful adversary. Indeed, Prussia would at once find herself in the presence of such fearful odds that it may be questioned whether she would any longer feel equal to the contest.

"The settlement of the difference between two of the belligerents would of necessity bring the third to terms. Prussia and Italy only ventured on hostilities on the assurance of each other's co-operation, and pacification with Italy would not only free Austria from the necessity of fighting in the South, but even of maintaining an army or a fleet there. The squadron of the Adriatic would be thrown into the scale against her adversary, and Prussia's career of conquest in the Baltic would suffer a check. Whatever leaning the German people may show toward one or the other of the two great Powers, however stanch to the Bund they may be in the South, or partial to **BISMARCK**'s scheme of a national Parliament in the North, one feeling has been hitherto universally evinced by them all, and that is their unqualified abhorrence for this fratricidal war. And the war has hardly begun; hardly one drop of German blood has been spilt; nothing has been done that may be considered irretrievable. Should an armistice, with a view to peace, between Austria and Italy convince Prussia of the hopelessness of a single-handed struggle, nothing would be easier than to settle the German question on the *uti possidetis* principle. The vicissitudes of the brief and hitherto bloodless contest have brought the two contending Powers to that point at which they might have arrived after a seven years' struggle, to that frontier of the Main which will in all probability forever divide the North from the South of the Fatherland. Germany is too vast a country, and with all the Austrian dependences too powerful, ever to be one; and it will be a happy day for her and for Europe when the dualism which has for more than a century distracted her counsels and neutralized her power comes to be established, once and forever, on a sound and intelligent basis. Let Prussia have the North, and her ambition will be at peace; let Austria have the South, and her compensation for Venice will be as ample as the most loyal Austrian can desire."

Whether these speculations of the London *Times* will be justified by subsequent events, or whether, instead of a magnanimous disposition to cede Venitia, Austria will exhibit a stronger determination than before her victory to humble both her enemies, it is idle to conjecture. Before this meets the eye of our readers the matter will probably have been already decided.

THE BROTHERS.

NOT far from Geneva there stands a fine old château, long in the occupation of a strange, morose, misanthropic man, who mixed in no society, though, at the same time, he appeared to derive little pleasure from the exquisite gardens and other amenities with which, with a most lavish hand, his beautifully situated mansion had been surrounded. It was at length offered for sale, and, much to the surprise of those who knew its value, passed—at a very moderate price—into the hands of a jeweler, well known to many an English tourist, resident in Geneva.

Delighted at his bargain, Monsieur G. lost no time in making every arrangement for adapting the château to the taste of some "milord Anglais," who was certain to covet so lovely a spot for his summer residence.

He was right in his anticipation. A gentleman, with his wife and two daughters, soon established themselves at the Belle D., taking the place not for the summer only, but by the year.

A few weeks elapsed, and they had begun to feel themselves at home in their pleasant dwelling, when, one evening Mr. M., while reading aloud to his family, encountered a difficult phrase, which it was necessary to elucidate by means of the dictionary, and the younger sister, Emily, hastened to the library to procure that work.

She was gone rather longer than was expected, and, when she did return, looked so pale and agitated that her mother anxiously inquired the cause.

"Well," was the reply, "I have had a sort of adventure; but my ghost (for I have certainly seen one) was by no means terrible, and I don't know why I should feel so flurried. It was a very handsome young man!"

Pressed for details, the young lady related that she had seen nothing in her way to the library, but that on her return, just as she was descending the first step of the stair, she heard a noise behind her, and, looking round, observed a young and handsome man in a naval uniform. He looked sadly at her for some seconds, during which she never removed her eyes from his face, pointing with his finger to the side of the corridor, and vanished, as it were, into the wall!

This story was received, as the majority of such are destined to be, with some incredulity. Nevertheless, so much impressed was Mr. M. with what he had heard, that, when their daughters had retired, he and his wife rediscussed the matter, and came to the resolution that Mr. M. should visit the "haunted" corridor about the same hour, and see if any similar appearance would be vouchsafed to *him*.

Accordingly, on the following evening, he mounted guard, and walked to and fro for a considerable time without result. Tired at last of his vigil, he was wheeling round to commence what he had resolved should be his last turn, when he almost ran into the arms of a young naval officer, precisely answering the description given by his daughter. The figure pointed to the wall, and, before Mr. M. had fully regained his self-possession, disappeared.

Mr. M.'s countenance, on entering the drawing-room, sufficiently denoted that his search had been successful, but he declined to say what he had actually seen, and requested his family, for the present, to control their curiosity.

Early next morning he proceeded to Geneva, and called upon his landlord.

"I have come, Sir," he said, "to ask your permission to remove a portion of the wall in the corridor of the château." And finding the proprietor hesitate, he at once related the double apparition, adding that, unless his proposal were complied with, he must decline to continue a tenant of the mansion.

The landlord shrugged his shoulders, extended his palms, and, deciding within himself that this was but a new example of that English eccentricity which it is equally impossible to comprehend and resist, gave the permission required.

Some persons being sent for, the work at once begun. As it proceeded Mr. M. was much struck by the singular manner of the master mason, who, having first discouraged the idea of disturbing the wall at all, threw every imaginable obstacle in the way, and subsequently, when his men had actually set to work, watched their proceedings with a fixed stare, and a face gradually becoming deadly pale.

An hour, however, elapsed before any discoveries were made. But at the end of that time there was turned forth to the light the upright skeleton of a man, which, as the wall was removed, fell toppling forward among the workers. At this sight the master mason reeled, and sunk upon the floor in a swoon.

Restoratives were administered, and the man was conveyed to Mr. M.'s study, where the latter, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, questioned him as to the agitation he had displayed, hinting that, in the event of his not relating all he had previously known concerning the bricking-up of the body, the gravest suspicions might attach to his own share in the business.

Under the influence of such arguments the man related, in a confused and agitated manner, the circumstances here given in a more connected form.

A former possessor of the château—Monsieur Frémont—resided there with his wife. They had no children.

One day Monsieur F. received a communication from the curé of a neighboring parish to the effect that his (Monsieur F.'s) brother had died suddenly, and that in his last moments he had expressed an earnest hope that his brother would assume the charge of his two sons.

A reply was forwarded, requesting that the boys might immediately repair to their uncle's house. In due course they arrived. The elder was a fine handsome youth, with frank, engaging manners; the younger, though handsome also, was reserved and unsociable, and the regards of the whole household were quickly centred in the former, whose gayety soon dissipated the gloom of the château.

The younger brother, François, saw, with concealed jealousy, the decided preference felt by his uncle and aunt for his elder; nor was this sentiment likely to have been lessened by a fact that, before they had resided a year at the château, had by some means come to his knowledge—viz. that the whole of the property had been left to his brother, with the exception of a sum just sufficient to start him (François) in any profession he might select in which to earn his bread.

To the great regret of Monsieur and Madame Frémont, Cécile, the elder, conceived a passion for the naval service, and, carrying his point, quitted the château, taking with him all the light and mirth it contained.

At first his letters were frequent, teeming with affection and merriment; then long intervals of silence would excite the apprehensions of his loving friends. The second winter after his departure was unusually severe, and the health of the old people began to fail.

One sad morning François, entering with a countenance of assumed grief, communicated the heart-rending tidings, received, he said, through a shipmate of his brother's, that Cécile had died at sea. Already weakened by illness, the shock was too much for the kind old people. Madame Frémont died within a few weeks; and before the close of the year her husband rejoined her in the grave, having previously settled all he possessed upon his surviving nephew.

The latter, now at the height of his ambition, lorded it grandly over his dependents; and profound was the regret that the kind, mirthful Cécile had not lived to occupy the master's position.

One evening François was sitting alone, moody and out of sorts, sipping his solitary wine, when he was startled by a voice speaking without the window, which looked upon the garden.

Advancing with caution, François demanded who was there.

"It is I, François!" replied a voice that blanched the hearer's cheek; but with trembling hands he opened the window, and his brother, radiant with health and happiness, bounded into the room. He had intended a surprise for his relations, of whom (François having intercepted the correspondence on both sides) he had not heard for many months.

In one instant François comprehended his position and took his resolution. To his brother's eager inquiries he answered that their uncle and aunt, not being quite well, had dined up stairs, whither, after Cécile had refreshed himself, they would presently proceed.

Contriving, while Cécile was divesting himself of his over-coat, to secure the door, François returned to his brother, and, affecting the greatest joy at his arrival, encouraged him to drink and talk until, wearied with excitement and his journey, the latter sunk into a temporary doze.

It should be mentioned that at this time some confusion reigned at the château on account of alterations that were making in the house, and which necessitated the removal of a portion of the wall of the corridor. During this operation most of the domestics were quartered in an outbuilding some distance off.

No human eye witnessed the manner in which this true descendant of him that did the first murder completed what was in his mind. He presently quitted the room, locking the door, and desiring that he might be disturbed no more that night.

When all was still he crept forth and made his way to the lodging of the master mason. What passed between them was never exactly known, but on the following morning, the mason, assisted by his tempter, contrived to wall up the remains of the victim, where they were subsequently discovered.

Tormented by remorse, the form of his brother ever before him, the wretched criminal at length dismissed his household, sold the château, and proceeded to Paris, hoping in that lively city to drown the remembrance of his flagrant guilt. But vengeance "suffered him not to live." A quarrel with the Comte de C. in a gaming-house led to a meeting next day in the Bois de Boulogne, in which François was killed. Singularly enough, among his papers was found a confession of the murder, though bearing his assumed name.

The remains of poor Cécile were decently interred in the cemetery at Geneva. The M. family continued their residence at Belle D., and certainly, up to the time when I (the narrator) made their acquaintance nothing extraordinary had ever again disturbed their tranquillity.

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